

Ar. O Quivera, wake! our soft R. must
And fly together with our Country's Peace.
No more must we sleep under Plantain Shady
Which neither Heat can pierce nor Cold invade.
For bounteous Nature never fails Decay,
But opening Buds drive falling Fruits away.
Quivera's Answer.

Our Looks are such, as merry flows from them;
More gentle than our Nature's own.
In let us their Protection beg, to live;
They came not here to conquer, but forgive.
S^r. Rob^t. Howard.

Upon a Patch on a Fair Lady's
Face.
Let Speech of Art upon your Face,
Wound me on a Soil in our little Fair;
You'll it hide, & some killing Grace
And you in merry place it there.

B. Ferris

Reston May 4th 1632

1607/1914.

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Mirth Diverts all Care:

B E I N G

Excellent New SONGS,

COMPOS'D by the

Most Celebrated Wits of the Age,

On Divers Subjects, *viz.*

The <i>Scotch</i> Riddle unfolded.	A Fly drown'd in a Ladies
News from <i>London</i> .	Eye.
The Voyage to <i>Scotland</i> .	The Character of a Good
<i>Sir Henry Wotton</i> to <i>Q. Anne</i> .	Parson.
The Golden Age.	A Song by <i>Col. Salisbury</i> .
An Old Man Courting a	A Song on Ingratitude.
young Girl.	A Song in <i>English</i> and <i>Latin</i> .
The Leveller.	Chivy Chase in <i>English</i> and
The Chearful Heart.	<i>Latin</i> .
The Quaker's Ballad.	The Grand Tack.
The Quiet Retreat.	The Fable.
Win at first, Lose at last.	The Honest Man's Fate.
or, a Game at Cards.	A Peruke Block.
The Loyal Scot.	A Latin Song.
On a Ladies Eyes and Lips.	In <i>Truncum Capillatum</i> .

With many more Rare SONGS, worthy of
the Reader's Esteem.

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THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
R E A D E R.

SINCE Prefaces are become so universally modish, that, if a Book, in this curious Age, is not usher'd into the World with one, it makes a very awkward Figure; I think it proper in compliance with the way of the World in so tender a Point, and to avoid the imputation of singularity, to fill a Page or two in

The Preface.

acquainting the Poetical Reader with the occasion and design of the following Miscellany.

Having sometime since, for my own private use and diversion, made a small Collection of very valuable Poems and Songs, written by some of the greatest Wits of the last and present Age. Some of which are now unhappily out of Print, others handled about only in Manuscript, I think that I can do no less than oblige all Lovers of the Muses with them, by Publishing them to the World, to which I am likewise induc'd upon these several accounts; from the just value of most of the Pieces in the Collection, which will securely stand the Test of the severest

The Preface.

severest Critic ; from the great Reputation of the Authors, whose Names as well as Writings, carry a secret Charm in them ; and from the danger of some of the Copies being lost, by not appearing in Print at all ; of others, by not being Reprinted, which has been the undeserved Fate of too many admirable Composures : These inducements will, I presume, sufficiently excuse the Publisher, and recommend the Collection. To which I may add that the smallness of the Volume and the great variety of Subjects contain'd in it, are no small recommendations of a Work of this Nature ; for the former will lessen the Price as well as make it

The Preface.

fit for a constant Pocket-Companion, and the latter will be the Cause of its meeting with a more universally favourable receptance at the Hands of the Poetical World. Having made these advances, instead of entring into a farther detail of the just praises of this Collection and its Authors, I think it adviseable not to detain thee any longer from the perusal of the following Compositions, which will speak their own Merits much better than is pretended to, by,

Ingenious Reader,

Yours,

PHILOMUSUS.

THE

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Sir John



Sir John Falstaff's Song in
Praise of Sack. Written by
Ben. Johnson.

Come hither learned Sisters,
And leave your forked Mountain,
I will you tell where is a Well,
Doth far exceed your Fountain,
Of which, if any Poet,
Do taste in some good measure,
It straight doth fill, both his Head and Quill,
With Ditties full of pleasure;
And makes him sing give me Sack, old Sack boys,
To make the Muses merry,
The life of Mirth, and the joy of the Earth,
Is a Cup of good old Sherry.

'Tis not the God of *Physick*,
Nor his *Apothecary*,
Nor all his Drugs, that stand in Juggs,
With Potions ordinary;
That now shall be regarded,
Or had in any wonder,
His Urinal against the Wall,
He now may Piss asunder.
For we have found *old Sack*, *old Sack Boys*,
Which makes a sick Man merry,
The life, &c.

2 SONGS and POEMS

It is the true *Nepenthes*
Which makes a sad Man frolick,
And doth redress all heaviness,
Cold Agues and the Collick;
It takes away the Crutches,
From Men are lame and cripled,
And dries the Pores, and Rhumes of the Nose,
If it be soundly tipled.
Then let us drink *old Sack*, *old Sack* Boys,
Which makes us sound and merry,
The life, &c.

It is the River *Lethe*,
Where Men forget their Crosses,
And by this drink they never think,
Of Poverty and Losses,
It gives a Man fresh courage,
If well he sup this *Nectar*,
Then let us drink *old Sack*, *old Sack* Boys,
Which makes us stout and merry.
The life, &c.

It is the Well of *Concord*,
Where Men do take up Quarrels,
When love doth lack, by drinking *Sack*,
They draw it from the *Barrels*.
If Drunkards are unruly,
Whom *Claret* hath enflamed,
With a Cup or two, this *Sack* can do,
They sleep, and so are tamed.
Then let us drink *old Sack*, *old Sack* Boys,
Which makes us kind and merry,
The life, &c.

The *Broth* with Barly soddin,
Compares not with this Liquor,
The Drayman's *Beer* is not so clear,
And foggy *Ale* is thicker:



Metbeglin

Metheglin is too fulsome,
 Cold *Cyder* and raw *Perry*,
 And all drinks stand, with Cap in hand,
 In presence of old *Sherry*,
 Then let us drink *old Sack*, *old Sack* Boys,
 Which makes us blith and merry,
 The life, &c.

No Fiery red-fac'd *Claret*,
 Attended with his *Borrage*,
 No *Rhennish* Wine, that's passing fine,
 Nor *White*, that cools the Courage;
 No base begotten *Bastard*,
 Nor Blood of any *Berry*,
 Can raise the *Brain*, to such a strain,
 Nor make the Heart so merry.
 Then let us drink *old Sack*, *old Sack* Boys,
 Which makes us blith and merry,
 The life, &c.

The *Citizen* loves *Fidling*,
 That he may frisk and caper,
 The *Scholer* looks upon his books,
 And pores upon a Paper:
 The gentle blood likes *Hunting*
 Where Dogs do trace by *Smelling*,
 And some love *Hawks*, some *Groves* and *Walks*,
 And some a handsome *Dwelling*.
 Yet all these without *Sack*, *old Sack* Boys,
 Makes no Man kindly merry,
 The life, &c.

The knot of hearty *Friendship*,
 Is by good *Sack* combined,
 They love no *Fars*, nor mortal *Wars*,
 That are to *Sack* inclined,
 Nor can he be dishonour'd,
 Whom *Sack* and *Sugar* feedeth,

SONGS and POEMS.

For all Men see, he's fat and free,
And no ill Humour breedeth.
Then let us drink *old Sack*, *old Sack* Boys,
That makes us fat and merry,
The life, &c.

A Quart of *Sack* well burned,
And drank to Bed-ward wholly,
I dare be bold, doth cure the Cold,
And purgeth *Melancholly*,
It comforts aged Persons,
And seems their Youth to render,
It warms the Brains, it fills the Veins,
And fresh Blood doth Ingender.
Then let us drink *old Sack*, *old Sack* Boys,
Which makes us warm and merry,
The life, &c.

Sack makes a faithful Subject,
That doth no Treason study,
Nor doth he think, when he takes this drink,
Of Plotting Murthers bloody;
He loves his King and Country,
From whom he never started,
The great *Black Jack*, well fill'd with *Sack*,
Doth make the *Guard* true-hearted.
Then let us drink *old Sack*, *old Sack* Boys,
Which makes the Subjects merry,
The life, &c.

No care comes near this Fountain,
Where Joy and Mirth surpasses,
And the God of drink, stands up to the brink,
All arm'd in *Venice* Glasses;
And calls upon good Fellows,
That are both wise and merry,
That about this Spring, they would dance and sing,
And drink a Cup of *Sherry*.

Then

Then let us drink *old Sack*, *old Sack* Boys,
Which makes us wise and merry,
And about this Spring, let us dance and sing,
And drink a Cup of *Sherry*.

Upon an *HERMAPHRODITE*.

Sir, or Madam, chose you whether,
Nature twist'd you both together;
And makes the Soul two garbs confess,
Both pettycoat and breeches dress.
Thus we chastise the God of Wine
With Water that is feminine,
Until the chooler Nymph abate
His wrath, and so con corporate
Adam till his Rib was lost
Had both Sexes thus ingross
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*;
Then did Man 'bout Wedlock treat,
To make his body up compleat.
Thus Matrimony speaks but *Thee*
In a grave Solemnity;
For Man and Wife make but one right
Canonical *Hermaphrodite*.
Ravel the body, and I find
In every Limb a double kind.
Who would not think that Head a pair
That breeds Factions in the Hair?
One half so churlish in the touch,
That rather than endure so much,
It would my tender Limbs apparel
In *Regulus* his nailed Barrel:
But the other half so small,
And so Amorous withal,

SONGS and POEMS

That *Cupid* thinks each Hair doth grow
 A string of his invis'ble bow.
 When I look Babies in thine Eyes,
 Here *Venus* there *Adonis* lies
 And tho' thy Beauty be high Noon,
 Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon :
 How many melting kisses skip
 Twixt thy Male and Female lip ?
 Twixt thy upper brush of Hair
 And thy nether Beards despair ?
 When thou speak'st, I would not wrong
 Thy sweetness with a double Tongue :
 But in every single sound
 A perfect Dialogue is found ?
 Thy Breasts distinguish one another,
 This is the Sister, that the Brother.
 When thou joyn'st hands my ear still fancies
 The Nuptial sound, I *John* take *Frances* :
 Feel but the difference, soft and rough,
 This is a Gantlet that a Muff :
 Had by *Hylfles* at the Sack
 Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlars Pack,
 And Weapons too to know *Achilles*
 From King *Nichomedes Phillis*,
 His Plot had fail'd ; this Hand would feel
 The Needle, that the warlike Steel.
 When Musick doth thy pace advance,
 Thy right Leg takes thy left to Dance,
 Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
 But a mixt Dance, tho' all alone :
 Thus every heteroclite part
 Changes gender, not the Heart.
 Nay, those which modestly can mean,
 And dare not speak, are *Epicœne* ;
 That Gamster needs must overcome,
 That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
 Thus did Natures mintage vary ;
 Copying thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The Rebel SCOT.

HOW ! Providence ! and yet a Scottish crew ?
 Then Madam Nature wears black patches too.
 What shall our Nation be in bondage thus,
 Unto a Land that truckles under us ?
 Ring the Bells backward ; I am all on fire,
 Not all the buckets in a Country Quire
 Shall quench my Rage. A Poet should be fear'd
 When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
 And where's the Stoick ? can his wrath appease
 To see his Country sick of Pims Disease,
 By Scotch Invasion to be made a prey,
 To such *Pig Wiggins* *Mirmidons* as they ?
 But that ther's charm in Verse, I would not quote
 The Name of *Scot* without an Antidote,
 Unless my Head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there, that might be Poyson too.
 Were I a drowbie Judge, whose dismal Note
 Disgorgeth Halters, as a Juglers Throat
 Doth Ribbands : Could I (in Sir Emp'rick's tone)
 Speak Pills in phrase, and Quack destruction,
 Or roar like *Marshall* that *Geneva* Bull.
 Hell and Damnation a Pulpit full :
 Yet to express a *Scot* to play that Prize.
 Not all those mouth Granadoes can suffice,
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst
 I must (like *Hocas*) swallow Daggers first.
 Come keen *Lambicks* with your Badgers feet,
 And Badger-like, bite till your Teeth do meet.
 Help ye tart Satyrists to imp my Rage,
 With all the Scorpions that should whip this Age.
Scots are like Witches ; do but whet your Den,
 Scratch till the blood come, they'll not hurt you then.

Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
 The shapes of Beasts like Hypocrites at stake,
 I'll bait my Scot so, yet not cheat your eyes;
 A Scot within a Beast is no disguise.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmless Nation
 Fosters no Venom since the *Scots* Plantation;
 Nor can ours, feign'd Antiquity maintain;
 Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
 The Scot that kept the Tower might have shown
 (Within the grate of his own breast alone)
 The Leopard and the Panther, are ingross'd
 What all those wild Collegiats had cost
 The honest High-shoos, in their termly Fees,
 First to the Salvage Lawyer; next to these
 Nature herself doth Scotch-men Beasts confess.
 Making their Country such a Wilderness:
 A Land that brings in question and suspence
 Gods Omnipresence, but that *Charles* came thence
 But that *Montross*, and *Crawfords* Loyal Band
 Atton'd their Sns, and Christ'ned half the Land;
 Nor is it all the Nation hath these Spots;
 There is a Church, as well as Kirk of Scots;
 As in a Picture where the squinting paint
 Shews Fiends on this side, and on that side Saint,
 He that saw Hell in's melancholly Dream,
 And in the twi-light of his fancies Theam
 Scar'd from his Sins repented in a Fright,
 Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proselite.
 A Land, where one may pray with curst intent,
 O may they never suffer Banishment!
 Had *Cain* been Scot, *God* would have chang'd his doom,
 Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home,
 Like Jews they spread, and as Infection fly,
 As if the Devil had ubiquity.
 Hence 'tis they live, at Rovers and desie
 This or that place; Rags of Geography.
 They'r Citizens o'th World; they'r all in ail,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.

And

And yet they ramble, not to learn the mode
 How to be dress'd, or how to lisp abroad :
 To return knowing in the *Spanish* Shrug,
 Or which of the *Dutch* States a double Jug
 Resembles most, in Belly, or in Beard ;
 (The Card by which the Mariners are Steer'd)
 No, the *Scots-Errant* Fight and Fight to eat ;
 Their *Ostrich-stomachs* make their *Swords* their meat.
 Nature with *Scots*, as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
 Who use to hang their Teeth upon their Belt.
 Yet wonder not at this their happy choice ;
 The Serpents fatal still to *Paradise*.
 Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and these
 On the North posture of the Patient seize,
 Like Leeches : Thus they Physically thirst
 After our Blood, but in the Cure shall burst.
 Let them not think to make us run o'th score,
 To purchase Villinage as once before,
 When an Act Pass'd to stroak them on the Head,
 Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.
 Nor Gold, nor Acts of Grace, 'tis Steel must tame
 The stubborn *Scot* : A Prince that would reclaim
 Rebels by yielding, doth like him or (worse,)
 Who saddled his own Back, to shame his Horse.

Was it for this you left your leaner Soil,
 Thus to lard *Israel* with *Egypt's* spoil ?
 They are the Gospel Life-guard : But for them
 The Garrison of New *Jerusalem* !
 What would the Brethern do ? the Cause ! the Cause
 Sack-possets and the Fundamental Laws !
 Lord what a goodly thing is want of Shirts !
 How a *Scots-stomach*, and no meat Converts !
 They wanted Food, and Rayment ; so they took
 Religion for their Seamstresses, and their Cook.
 Unmask them well ; their Honours and Estate,
 As well as Conscience are sophisticate.
 Shrive but their Titles, and their Money poize,
 A Lard and twenty pounds pronounc'd with noise

10 SONGS and POEMS

When constru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
 And a good sober Two-pence, and well so.
 Hence then you proud Impostors, get yon gon,
 You Picts in Gentry and Devotion ;
 You scandal to a stock of Verse, a Race
 Able to bring the Gibbet in Disgrace.
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
 The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.
 The *Indian*, that Heaven, did forswear,
 Because he heard the *Spaniards* were there,
 Had he but known what *Scots* in Hell had been,
 He would *Erasmus* like have hung between :
 My Muse hath done. A volder for the nonce ;
 I wrong the Devil should I pick their Bones.
 That Dish is his ; for when the *Scots* Decease,
 Hell like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.

*A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,
 Drops into Styx, and turns a Scotland Goose.*

*A Fair NYMPH scorning a Black BOY
 Courting her.*

Nymph. **S**Tand off, and let me take the Air ;
 Why should the smoak pursue the Fair ?

Boy. My Face is smoak, thence may be guess't
 What Flames within have scorch'd my Breast.

Nymph. The Flame of Love I cannot view ;
 Nor the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.

Boy. And yet this Lanthron keeps Loves Taper,
 Surer than yours that's White Paper.

Whatever Mid-night hath been here,
 The Noon-shine of your Light can clear,

Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid,
 If thou should interpose thy shade.

Boy. Yet one thing (Sweet-heart) I will ask,
 Lay for me a new false Mask.

Nymph.

Nymph. Yes ; but my Bargain shall be this ;
I'll throw my Mask off when I kiss.

Boy. Our curl'd Imbraces shall delight,
To chequer Limbs with black and white.

Nymph. Thy Ink, my Paper, make me guess
Our Nuptial Bed will make a Press ;
And in our Sports if any came
They'll read a wanton Epigram.

Boy. Why should my Black thy love impair ?
Let the dark Shop commend thy Ware :
Or if thy love from Black forbears,
I'll strive to wash it off with Tears.

Nymph. Spare fruitless Tears, since thou must needs
Still wear about thee Mourning Weeds :
Tears can no more affection win,
Than wash thy *Æthiopian* skin.

An Old Man Courting a Young Girl.

Come beauteous *Nymph*, canst thou embrace
An Aged, Wise, Majestick Grace
To mingle with thy youthful Flames,
And make thy Glories stay'd ? The Dames
Of looser gesture blush to see
Thy Lillies cloath'd with gravity :
Thy happier Choice, thy gentle *Vine*
With a sober *Elm* entwine :
Seal fair *Nymph* that lovely Tye
Shall speak thy Honour loud and high.

Nym. Cease Grandfire lover and forbear
To Court me with thy Sepulchre :
Thy chill December and my May,
Thy Evening and my Break of Day
Can brook no Mixture, no Condition,
But stand in perfect Opposition.

Nor

Nor can my active Heart imbrace
 A shivering *Ague* in Loves chase
 Only perhaps the lucky *Tye*
 May make thy forked Fortune high,

Man. If fretted Roofs, and Beds of Down
 And the wonder of the *Room*,
 Bended Knees, and costly Fare
 Richest dainties without care,
 May temptatious motives be
 Here they all attend on thee
 And to raise thy Bliss the more
 Swell thy Trunks with precious Ore
 The glittering entrails of the East,
 To varnish and perfume thy Nest.

Nym. I question not, *Sage Sir* but *first*
 That weds your brave Obliquity,
 Your Tiffick, Rhumes, and Soldans Face,
 Shall meet with Fretted Roofs apace;
 Ifancy not your bended knees,
 Left bowing you can sprightly rise:
 Your Gold too when you leave to woo,
 Will quickly become *Pretious* too.

And dainty Cates without delight,
 May glut the Day, and starve the Night
 For when thou boasts thy Beds of Bliss,
 The man, the man still wanting is.

Man. Nay gentle *Nymph* think not my Fire
 So quench'd, but that the strong desire
 Of Love can wake it, and create
 New Action to Co-operate,
 The sparks of Youth are not so gone,
 But I — ay marry, that I can
 Come smack me then my pretty dear,
 Taste what a lively change is here.

Why fly'd thou me —
Nym. — Ice, Ice be gone,
 Clasp me not with thy Frozen Zone.

That

That pale Aspect, would best become
The sad complexion of a Tomb,
Think not thy Church-yard look shall move
My Spring to be thy Winters Scove.
If at the Resurrection we
Shall chance to Marry call on me;
By that time I perhaps may guess
How to Bathe and how to Dress
Thy weeping Legs, and Sympathize,
With perish'd Lungs and wopper Eyes;
And think thy touchy Passion wit,
Love disdain and flatter it;
And 'midst this costive punishment
Raise a politick content.

But while the Solstice of my Years
Glories in its highest Sphears,
Deem not, I will daign to be
The Vassal of Infirmary,
The Skreen of flegmatick old Age,
Decay'd Methusalem his Page.
No! give me lively Pleasures, such
Melt the fancy in the touch;
Raise the Appetite, and more,
Satisfie it o're and o're-
Then from the Ashes of those Fires
Kindle fresh and new Desires.
So Cyprus be the Scen: Above
Venus and the God of Love,
Knitting true love-knots in one
Merry happy Union.

Whiles their feather'd Team appears
Doves and Sparrows in their gears,
Flutt'ring o're the Jovial Fry,
Sporting in Lov's Comedy.

Mum, Hold hasty Soul! Beauty's a Flower
That may perish in an Hour;
No Disease but can disgrace
The trifling Blossoms of a Face,

And

14 SONGS and POEMS

And nip the heights of those fond Toys
 That now are doted on with praise.
 The Noon glory of the Sun
 To the shades of Night must come.
 May, for all her gilded prime,
 Has its weak and withering time.
 Not a bud that owes its Birth
 From the teeming Mother Earth,
 But excels the fading dress
 Of a Womans ioveliness,
 Eor when Flowers vanish here,
 They may spring another year.
 But frail Beauty when 'tis gone,
 Finds no Resurrection.
 Scorn me then, coy Nymph no more,
 Fly no higher do not sore ;
 Those pretty Rubies of thy Lips
 Once must know a pale Eclipse :
 And that plump alluring skin
 Will be furrow'd deeply in :
 And those curled locks so bright,
 Time will all be snow with white.
 Not a glory not a glance,
 But must suffer change and chance.
 Then, tho' now you'l not Contract
 With me in the Marriage Act ;
 Yet perforce chuse, chuse you whether
 You and I shall Lye together.

*On the happy Memory of Alderman Hoyle
 that Hang'd himself.*

ALL Hail fair Fruit ! may every Crab tree bear
 Such Blossoms, and so lovely every year !
 Call ye me this the Slip ? Marry it is well,
 Zacheus slip'd to Heaven, the Thief to Hell :

But

But if the Saints thus give the Slip, 'tis need
 To look about us to preserve the Breed,
 Th'are of the Running game, and none, to post
 In nooses blanks the reck'ning with their Host.
 Here's more than *Trussum cordum* I suppose
 That knit this knot, guilt seldom singly goes !
 A wounded Soul close coupled with the sense
 Of Sin, pays home its proper Recompence.

But hark you Sir, if haste can grant the time;
 See you the danger yet what 'tis to climb
 In Kings Prerogatives? things beyond just,
 When Law seems brib'd to doom them, must be truss'd.
 But O I smell your Plot strong through your Hose,
 'Twas but to cheat the Hang-man of your Cloaths.
 Else your more active Hands had fairly stay'd
 The leasure of a Psalm: *Judas* has pray'd.
 But later Crimes cannot admit the pause,
 They run upon Effects more than the Cause.
 Yet let me ask one question why alone?

One Member of a Corporation?
 'Tis clear amongst Divines, Bodies and Souls
 As joyntly active, so their judgment rowls
 Concordant in the Sentence; why not so
 In earthly sufferings? *States* attended go.

But I perceive the Knack: Old Women say,
 And be't approv'd, each Dog shall have his day.

Hence sweep the Almanack: *Lilly* make room,
 And Blanks enough for the new Saints to come.
 All in *Red Letters*: As their faults have been
 Scarlet, so Limb their *Anniverse* of Sin,
 And to their Childrens credits and their Wives
 Be it still said, They leap fair for their Lives.

A SONG,

A S O N G

The Leveller.

Nay, prethee don't fly me,
But sit thee down by me,
I cannot endure

A Man that's demure,
Go hang up your *Worship* and *Sirs*,
Your *congies* and *trips*,
With your legs, and your lips,
Your *Madams* and *Lords*,
And such finikin words,
With the complements you bring
That do spell *NO-THING*,

You may keep for the *Chains* and the *Furs*
For at the beginning was no Peasant or Prince,
And 'twas policy made the distinction since.

2.

Those Titles of Honours
Do remain in the *Donours*.
And not in that thing,
To which they do cling.

If his Soul be too narrow to wear 'um,
No delight can I see
In that word call'd degree,
Honest *Dick* sounds as well
As a name of an *Ell*,
That will Titles doth swell
And sounds like a *spell*,

To affright mortal ears that hear 'um.
He that wears a brave soul, and dares gallantly do,
May be his own Herald and Godfather too.

3. Why

Why then should we doat on,
 One with a fools coat on?
 Whose *Coffers* are cram'd,
 But yet he'll be dam'd,
 Ere he'll do a good act or a wise one?
 What *Reason* has he
 To be Ruler o're me?
 That's a Lord in his chest;
 But in's head and his breast
 Is empty and bare,
 Or but puff'd up with air,
 And can neither assist nor advise one.
 Honour's but air, and proud flesh but dust is,
 'Tis we *Commons* make Lords, and the Clerk makes
 [the Justice.

But since men must be
 Of a differnt degree,
 Because most do aspire,
 To be greater and higher,
 Than the rest of their fellows and brothers,
 He that has such a spirit,
 Let him gain it by's merit,
 Spend his brain, wealth, or blood
 For his Countries good,
 And make himself fit
 By his Valour or Wit,
 For things 'bove the reach of all others.
 For Honour's a prize, and who wins it may wear it,
 If not 'tis a badge and a burthen to bear it.

For my part let me
 Be quiet and free
 I'll drink sack and obey,
 And let great ones sway.

And

18 SONGS and POEMS,

And spend their whole time in thinking,
 I'll ne're busie my pate
 With secrets of State,
 The News Books I'll burn all,
 And with the Diurnal
 Light Tobacco, and admit
 That they'r so far fit,
 As they serve good company and drinking
 All the name I desire is an honest Good-fellow
 And that man has no worth that wont sometimes be
 (mellow.

A SONG.

The Cheerful Heart.

What tho' these ill times do go cross to our Will?
 And Fortune still frowns upon us,
 Our hearts are our own, and they shall be so still,
 A pin for the Plagues they lay on us.
 Let us take t'other cup,
 To keep our hearts up,
 And let it be purest Canary,
 We'll ne're shrink or care,
 For the crosses we bear,
 Let 'em plague us until they be weary.

2.
 What tho' we are made, both Beggars and Slaves,
 Let us stoutly endure it and drink on.
 'Tis our comfort we suffer, cause we will not be knaves,
 Our Redemption will come ere we think on't.
 We must flatter and fear
 Those that over us are,

And

And make 'um believe that we love 'um,
When their *Tyrannies* past,
We will serve them at last,
As they serv'd those that have been above 'um.

3.
The *Levites* do Preach, for the Goose and the Pig,
To drink Wine but at *Christmasts* and *Easter*,
The *Doctor* doth labour our lives to New-trig,
And makes Nature to fast, but we feast her,
The *Lawyer* doth bawl,
Out his Lungs and his Gaul,
For the Plaintiff and for the Defendant;
At Books the Scholar lies
Till by *Flatus* he dies,
With the ugly hard word at the end on't.

4.
But here's to the Man that delights in *Sol fa*,
'Tis *Sack* is the only *Rosin*,
A load of beigh be's are not worth a *ba, ba*,
He's the Man for my money that draws in.
- Come a pin for this Muck,
And a fig of ill Luck,
Tis better by *blyth* and *frolick*,
Then to sigh out our Breath,
And invite our own Death
By the *Gout*, or the *Stone* and the *Cholick*.

A S O N G.

The Answer to the Curse against Ale.

O Gag for shame that Strumpet Muse!
Let not her *Spanish* Tongue abuse,
Out wholesome and *Heroick* English juice.

2. 'Twas

'Twas not this Loyal Liquor shut
Our Gates against our Sovereign, but
Strange *Drink* into our *Tub* together put.

3.

When *Ale* was drink Canonical
There were no *Theives*, nor *Watch*, nor *Wall*,
Men neither *stole*, nor *lack'd*, for *Ale* was all.

4.

That *Poet* ought to be dry or dumb,
And to our brown *Bowls* never come,
Who drinking *Ale*, vents only *Drugs* and *Scum*.

5.

Nor had that *Soldier* drunk enough,
For *Ale* both valour gives and buff
Makes Men *unkickable*, and *cudgel-proof*.

6.

'Twas the *Meal* not *Mealman* was the Cause,
The Mill fell down, for one small Clause.
In one *Meal* *Aff*, hath overthrown our Laws.

7.

The worth of *Ale* none can proclaim,
But by the assistance of the same,
From it our *Land* derives its noblest name.

8.

With this Men were inspir'd, but not
As *kickshaw* brains are now (*God* not)
Inspir'd, that is, *run mad*, none knows with what

9. How

9.

How did our stout Forefathers make,
All *Antichristian* Nation quake,
When they their *Nut-brown Bowls*, and *Bills* did take.

10.

What noble sparks old *Ale* did kindle,
But now strange drinks do make Men dwindle,
And *Pigmies* get, scarce fit to sway a spindle.

11.

This Liquor makes the drinkers Fight
Stoutly, while others stoutly Write :
This both creates the *Poet* and the *Knight*.

12.

This makes the Drawer in his Gown
And chain to ride and rule the Town,
Whose orient *Nose* exemplifies his frown.

13.

How reverently the burly Host
With Basket-hilted Pot and Tost,
Commands the bak'd meats, and then rules the Roast.

14.

But oh the *Brewer* hears the Bell !
This makes him to such highness swell,
As none but *Ale* inspir'd can think or tell.

15.

Divert that *Curse* then, or give o're,
Ron Philip can hurt *Ale* no more,
This his *Armado*, *England* heretofore

*On a Butchers Dog that bit a Commanders
Mare that stood to be Knight of a Shire.*

ALL you that for Parliament Members do stand
For County, Borough, or City,
Listen now to my Song, which is doleful for and
A lamentable Ditty.

2.

For you must take notice that there was a Dog,
Nay a Mastiff Dog ('you see)
And if this great Dog were ty'd to a great Clog,
It had been full happy for we.

3.

And eke there was a great Colonel stont,
That had been in many a Slaughter,
But this Mastiff to eat him was going about,
As you shall hear hereafter.

4.

You bloody Malignants why will you still Plot? |
Twill bring you to hanging you know ;
For if this Dog had done what he did not,
How had he been us'd I trow !

5.

But happy was it for sweet Westminster
When they went to make their Choice ;
That this Plot was found out, for why should this
In Elections have a Voice ? (Cur

6.

For surely this Mastiff, tho' he was big,
And had been lucky at fighting,

Yet

Yet he was not qualifi'd worth a fig
And therefore he fell a biting.

But whom do you think? A thing of great note,
And a worthy *Commanders Mare*,
O what a strange Battle had there been fought,
Had they gone to *fight Dog, fight Bear*.

This Dog was *Leveller* in his heart,
Or some *Tub-preaching Cur*,
For honour of greatness he car'd not a fart,
And lov'd neither Lord nor Sir.

For when the *Commander* was mounted on high,
And got above many a Brother,
It angered this Dog at the guts verily,
To see one Man above another.

And therefore he run at him with open mouth,
But it seems the Dog was but dull,
He had as good took a Bear by the Tooth,
As mistook a Horse for a Bull.

But this Plot was discover'd in very good time,
And strangely, as you may perceive,
For the People saw him committing this Crime;
And made him his biting leave.

And so they were parted without any harm,
That now any body seeth,
For it seems this Dog that made all this alarm,
Did but only shew his teeth.

13. So

this
Cur

Yet

13.
So this Cavalier Cur was beaten full sore,
And many knock on the pate,
But they serv'd him aright if they had beat him more
For meddling with Matters of State.

14.
Now Heaven look down on our noble Protector,
His Commanders and Members eke,
And keep him from the teeth of every Elector,
That is not able to speak.

15.
And hang all such Dogs as their Honours do hate,
Let them clear themselves if them can,
For if they are suffered to be in the State,
They'l Conspire against Horse and Man.

The Quakers BALLAD.

YE She-friends and He-friends whoever Inherit,
Infallible Light in Dark-lanthorn of Spirit,
Come prick up your Ears, for behold I will ~~say~~ ^{saye},
With a Hymn that is call'd by the Wicked a Ditty.

In the Scuffle we late have had with the Baptists,
Wherein both our Honour and Interest wrapt is,
Tho' our Logick perhaps be too weak to dispute 'um
We hope by a Ballad at least to Confute 'um.

For tho' Fiddle and Organs are both *Babilonish*
Wherewith the Prophane delighted alone is;
Yes in such a case Inspiration may haunt
Even us which are perfect to warble a Chaunt.

Then

Then let us a while our tremblings lay by,
And quit our still Meetings to set up a cry,
Lets challenge, and rant, talk loud and be bold,
For the Spirit at present doth move us to scold.

'Tis time to exclaim, as receiving the wrong,
And take up that carnal weapon the Tongue,
For if we delay our whole Party must sink,
And our long-boasted Light go out in a stink.

Our juglings so plain will appear that each Eye,
Through the Mask of our holy pretences will spy,
And see that a Quaker, when stript of his Paint,
Is nearer a-kin to an Atheist than Saint.

Then let us Equivocate neatly and lay,
A plausible meaning on all that we say,
And the very same Art that serves to excuse us,
At once shall condemn all those that accuse us.

This being done, we point time and place,
And come full prepared to bandy the case,
In the *Barbican* first we gave them a meeting,
And never was seen such a Bear-garden greeting.

A Rabble thrust in from each end of the Town,
And before half an Argument could be laid down,
In less time than a Man can a Pot of Ale swallow,
'Twas confirm'd with a Whoop, and deny'd with a
(Hollow.

The place like a Hot-house appear'd, and by hap,
Some Friends might be cured here of a Clap;
And if it were so, I cannot but say,
'Twas the best effect of our meeting that day.

But once more have at 'um, for without doubt,
If we cannot Confute, we must tire them out,
C And

Then

And therefore sent word they were cowardly lubbars
If they would not in *Spittle fields* venture a rubbers.

Four Hours and more we Dispute in and out,
To know what it was we should Dispute about,
Which yet at the last was never agreed,
But no matter for that, we resolv'd to proceed.

'Twould have made Pufs laugh, or Child in the Cri-
To hear us chop Logick, and talk Sylogisms, (somes,
That spiritual Cantings of *Naylor* and's Brood,
Should Apostatize thus into figure and mood.

To see holy Seed so grand a Designer,
As to turn Yea and Nay into *Major* and *Minor*,
Use language of Beast *Concedo* or *Pergo*,
And tickle their Tobies at last with an *Ergo*.

At first they came on like huffing *Philistians*,
And needs would attempt to prove us no Christians,
When most by our wranglings already thought much
To believe that in truth either of us were such.

All Dialogues we cry'd down as prophane,
Tho' divers of us had written in that strain;
But that by a Figure must be understood,
Making things bad in others, in us to be good.

But let Friends take notice how basely they wrong us,
By suggesting a Papist God blefs us, amongst us:
But there was no need of that I must tell ye,
Since each of us carries his Pope in his belly.

Our selves to be Christians we loudly declare,
But avoid the contest to prove that we were;
For we find that our Interest doth better agree,
To be counted Christians, than truly to be.

Yet inveagled at last by a kind of a wyle, (while,
We were drawn into what we had shun'd all this
But still we were safe, tho' shrewdly put to't,
For when all shifts fail, Inspirations can do't.

To this then we fly, tho' certain it be,
Old *Mahomet* had as much claim to't as we,
However it serves to ward off a blow,
For who shall refute what no Man can know.

For if folks would have Wonders or Miracles done,
We confess we can instance at present but one,
That so many should Scripture forsake,
And in our ridiculous whimsies partake.

But tho' in good form we would argue no more,
We went on with bauling as high as before ;
For we knew that the croud would the glory afford,
To him that spoke loudest, and had the last Word.

To prove that we did our Antagonist beat,
'Tis enough for to say that we made them retreat ;
And charged them bravely when we had done,
In the Rear with an eccho, they run Friends, they run.

And to shew that our ammunition of Lungs,
Was yet not all spent, nor weary our Tongues,
After this we began another new quoil,
And fell all a Preaching in Rank and in File.

Thus in brief a strange clutter we kept, and a stir,
But what good came on't, if I know I'm a Cur ;
Only people went home, some sick, and some lame,
But all of them just as wise as they came.

A SONG in *Epsome-Wells*.*The Quiet Retreat.*

OH how I abhor
 The tumult, and smoke of the Town !
 The Clamours of Water,
 The glittering Court, and the fraudulent Gown ;
 The Suburb debauches,
 The Cheats of the City ;
 The ratling of Coaches,
 And the noise of the Men they call witty.
 But give me the Man from all vanity free,
 With good store of Land,
 And a Country Command,
 Who honest dares be,
 Who Justice dares do, and the Nation would serve,
 And ne're from his true Country Principles swerve ;
 This, this is the Man for me.
 While the fluttering vain Gallant, in London, consumes
 His Estate in rich Cloaths, and Perfumes ;
 And makes his face shine,
 With Burgundy Wine ; (Bawd,
 Spends his Youth, and his Wealth on a Punk, or a
 While such shall his Wit, and his Bounty applaud :
 Give me the good Man, that lives on his own grounds,
 And in his own bounds,
 Has room for his Hawks, and his Hounds ;
 Can feast his own Tenants, with fowls, and with fishes,
 And from his own plenty, with good store of dishes ;
 And not with damn'd Wines, but with good *English*
 O'er their honest hearts can prevail ; (Ale,
 And nothing to others doth owe,
 But from his own House, hears his own Oxen Low.
 And

And his own Sheep Bleat,
Whilst the grateful sounds sweet Ecchoes repeat,
This, this is the Man who is truly call'd great.

*Win at First, lose at Last, Or, The Game
at C A R D S.*

YE merry Hearts that love to Play
At Cards, see who hath won the Day ;
You that once did sadly Sing,
The Knave o'th Clubs hath won the King,
Now more happy Times we have,
The King hath overcome the Knave.

Not long a-go a Game was Play'd,
When Three Crowns at the Stake was lay'd ;
England had no cause to boast,
Knives won that which Kings had lost :
Coaches gave the way to Carts,
And Clubs were better Cards than Hearts.

Old Noll was the Knave of Clubs,
And Dad of such as Preach in Tubs ;
Bradshaw, Ireton, and Pride,
Were Three other Knaves beside :
And thus they play'd with half the Pack,
Throwing out all Cards but Black.

But the Just Fates threw these Four out,
Which made the Loyal Party shout ;
The Pope would fain have had the Stock,
And with these Cards have wip'd his Dock,
But soon the Devil these Cards snatches,
To dip in Brimstone, and make Matches.

But still the Sport for to maintain,
Lambert, Haſſerig, and Vain ;
 And one Ey'd *Newſon* took their Places,
*Knave*s were better *Cards* than *Ace*s ;
 But *Fleetwood* he himſelf did ſave,
 Becauſe he was more Fool than *Knave*.

Cromwel, tho' he ſo much had won,
 Yet he had an unlucky Son ;
 He ſits ſtill, and not regards.
 Whilſt cunning Gamſters ſets the *Cards*,
 And thus alaſs ! poor ſilly *Dick*,
 Had play'd a while, but loſt the Trick.

The Rumpers that had won whole Towns,
 The ſpoils of Martyrs and of Crowns,
 Were not contented, but grew rough,
 As tho' they had not won enough ;
 They kept the *Cards* ſtill in their Hands,
 To play for Titles and Colledge Lands.

The *Preſbiters* began to fret,
 That they were like to loſe the Set ;
 Unto the *Rump* they did appeal,
 And ſaid it was their turn to Deal ;
 Then dealt the *Preſbyterians*, but,
 The Army ſwore that they would Cut.

The Forreign Lands began to wonder,
 To ſee what Gallants we liv'd under ;
 That they that *Chriſtmaſs* did forſwear,
 Should follow Gaming all the Year ;
 Nay more, which was the ſtrangeſt Thing,
 To play ſo long without a King.

The bold *Phanaticks* preſent were,
 Like Butlers with their Boxes there ;

Not

Not doubting but that every Game,
Some Profit would redound to them ;
Because they were the Gamsters Minions,
And every day broach't new Opinions.

But *Cheshier-men* (as Stories say)
Began to shew them Gamsters Play,
Brave *Booth* and all his Army strives,
To save the Stakes, or lose their Lives ;
But oh ! sad Fate, they were undone,
By playing of their *Cards* too soon.

Thus all the while a Club was Trump,
There's none could ever beat the *Rump* ;
Until a Noble General came,
And gave the Cheaters a clear Slam :
His Fingers did out-wit their Noddy,
And screw'd up poor *Jack Lambert's* Body.

Then *Haslerig* began to scowl,
And said the General play'd foul ;
Look to him Part'ners, for I tell ye,
This *Monk* has got a King in's Belly :
Not so quoth *Monk*, but I believe,
Sir *Arthur* has a Knave in's sleeve.

When General *Monk* did understand,
The *Rump* were peeping into's Hand,
He wisely kept his *Cards* from sight,
Which put the *Rump* into a fright ;
He saw how many were betray'd,
That shew'd their *Cards* before they play'd.

At length quoth he, some *Cards* we lack,
I will not Play with half a Pack ;
What you cast out, I will bring in ;
And a New Game we will begin :

32 SONGS and POEMS

With that the Standers by did say,
They never yet saw fairer Play.

But presently this Game was past,
And for a second, Knaves were Cast;
All New *Cards* not stain'd with Spots,
As was the *Rumpers* and the *Scots*:
Here good Gamsters play'd their Parts,
They turned up the King of Hearts.

After this Game was done, I think,
The Standers by had cause to drink;
And the Loyal Party Sing,
Farewel Knaves, and welcome King:
For till we saw the King return'd,
We wish'd the *Cards* had all been burn'd.

A SONG.

The MAD-MAN.

I Am the woful'st Mad-man
That e'er came near your knowledge,
I thrice have in
New-Prison been,
And twice in *Bedlam* College.

In Hunger, Cold, and Darkneſs
I was a very ſad Man,
But I will ſhow
And tell you how
I firſt became a Mad-man.

Then give me room, give me breath, give me hearing,
My name is Captain *Pigeon*,
When *Engliſh-men*
Fell out I then
Did alter my Religion.

2.

A Protestant I first was
The Church is my Recorder,
And then I did
(As I was bid)
Love Decency and Order.

The Common Prayer and Organ,
Surplice, Copes and Rotchets
I then upheld,
Till I was fill'd
With Presbyterian Crotchets.

Then did I turn from the Right to the Left Side
Amongst a Flock of Widgeons
I was so bad
I fell stark mad
With changing of Religions.

3.

I turn'd a Presbyterian,
And did maintain much Foppery ;
The Devil and we
Did all agree
To fight and pull down Popery.

We beat up Drums for nothing,
The Cause look'd like a Riddle,
Two Fools were stout
And did fall out
Who should lie in the middle.

Thus did I turn from the Right to the Left Side
With a Troop of Widgeons,
Who fill'd my Brains
With pangs and pains,
Begot by New Religions.

34 SONGS and POEMS

Next I turn'd Anabaptist,^{4.}
 And prayed by the Spirit,
 To Preach and Print,
 Make Mouths and squint,
 We thought was mighty merit.

We slighted Steeple-houses,
 Stables we met together in,
 When Yea and Nay
 We did betray
 Our Presbyterian Brethren.

Then presently was the League and the Cov'nant
 (Which destroy'd Allegiance)
 Quite tumbled down
 Both King and Crown,
 To let in more Religions.

We pull'd down all the Crosses,^{5.}
 And gain'd the Peoples Curses,
 They were so pin'd
 They could not find
 A Cross left in their Purfes.

We broke all painted windows,
 In Churches and in Chappels,
 We did no good
 But shed the Blood
 Of Lucas, Lifes, and Capels.

Then did we cry to the Right to the Left,
 We'l muster up our Legions ;
 Thus I was Koax't
 And finely fox't
 With many mad Religions.

Then

6.

Then I became a Brownist,
And was a Saint perfidious;
We Preach'd, we Pray'd,
Poor Men betray'd,
And this we call'd Religious.

In Pulpits we put Red-coats,
To make our Faction prouder;
They fill'd our Ears
With Bandallers,
Pikes, Pistols, Guns and Powder.

Then did we cry to the Right to the Left;
We plundred Pigs and Pigeons;
And thus did I
At length comply
With all sorts of Religions.

7.

This Sect I soon deserted,
And quickly made an end on't,
And like an Elf
I made my self
A Plotting Independant.

No Government they owned,
As I did understand 'em,
For they confest
It pleas'd 'em best
To Reign and Rule at Random.

Face about to the Left to the Right
We'll pull down all the Regions,
From Rocks and Shelves,
We'll Steer our Selves,
And be of all Religions.

8.

The next I was a Seeker,
 Then I grew something blinder,
 For in my Youth
 I lost the Truth,
 And knew not where to find her.

Then I turn'd Antinomian:
 When I from that was driven
 A Leveller
 I did prefer
 To make my Brains lie even.

But still I cry'd from the Right to the Left.
 Let's face about ye Widgeons,
 For I protest
 This is the best
 Of all my New Religions.

9.

We all had equal Lordships,
 No Power we did pray to,
 Fift Monarchy
 Did then pass by,
 And I must do as they do:

This made my Judgment stagger,
 My Brain began to burn to,
 I grew amaz'd,
 I star'd and gaz'd
 And knew not what to turn to.

Yet still I cry'd from the Right to the Left,
 Let's face about ye Widgeons,
 I'll not take in
 Till I have been
 A Man of all Religions.

10.

I weary was of this too,
And needs must be a Shaker,
Which made me sad,
Then I run mad
And so became a Quaker.

I chang'd to an Arminian,
And would have been a Papist,
But having not
Much Learning got
I last of all turn'd Atheist.

Thus did I fly from the Right to the Left,
And they will prove but Widgeons,
Who in their Youth
Let go the Truth
And turn to New Religions.

The Four-Legg'd QUAKER.

ALL that have two or but one Ear,
(I dare not tell ye half)
You of an Essex Colt shall hear
Will shame the very Calf.
In Horsley Fields near Colchester
A Quaker would turn Trooper ;
He caught a Foal and mounted her
(O base !) below the Crupper.
Help, Lords and Commons, once more help,
O send us Knives and Daggers !
For if the Quakers be not gelt,
Your Troops will have the Staggers.

Ralph

38 SONGS and POEMS

2.

Ralph Green (it was the Varlets name)
 Of Colchester you'll swear,
 From thence the Four-legg'd Elder came,
 Was ever such a Pair !
 But tho' 'twas foul 'tween Swash and Fane,
 Yet this is ten times worse,
 For then the Dog did play the Man,
 But Man now play'd the Horle.
Help, &c.

3.

The owner of the Colt was nigh,
 (Observing their Embrace)
 And drawing nearer did espie
 The Quaker's sorrel Face :
 My Foal is ravish'd (then he crys,
 And fiercely at him ran)
 Thou Rogue, I ll have thee halter'd twice,
 As Horle and eke as Man ?
Help, &c.

4.

Ah Devil, do'st thou tremble ? now
 'Tis fore against thy Will ;
 For Mares and preaching Ladies know
 Thou hast a Colts tooth still :
 But mine's not guilty of this Fact,
 She was by thee compelled ;
 Poor thing, whom no man ever backt
 Thou wickedly has Bellied.
Help, &c.

5.

○ Friend (said Green, with sighs and groans)
 Let this thy wrath appease!
 (And gave him then eight new half-Crowns
 To make him hold his peace)
 The Man reply'd, though I for this
 Conceal thy Hugger Mugger,

Do'st

Do'st think it lawfull for a Piece
A filly Foal to Bugger ?

Help, &c.

6.

The Master saw his Colt defil'd,
Which vex't his soul with doubt ;
For if his *Filly* prov'd with Child
He knew All would come out :
Then he afresh began to rave,
(For all his Money taking)
Neighbours, said he, I took this Knave,
I'th very act of *Quaking*.

Help, &c.

7.

Then to the Pinfold (Gaol I mean)
They dragg'd him by the Mane,
They call'd him Beast, and call'd her Quean,
As if she had been *Fane*.
O stone him (all the Women cry'd)
Nay Geld him (which is worse)
Who scorn'd us all and took a Bride
That's Daughter to a Horse !

Help, &c.

8.

The Colt was silent all this while,
And therefore 'twas no Rape,
The virgin Foal he did beguile,
And so intends to scape :
For though he got her in a Ditch
Where she could not revolt,
Yet he had no *Scottish Spur* not Switch
To ride the willing Colt.

Help, &c.

9.

O *Essex, Essex, England's pride*,
Go burn this long-tail'd Quean,
For though the *Thames* runs by thy side,
It cannot wash the clean !

'Tis

40 SONGS and POEMS

'Tis not thy Bleating Son's complaints,
 Hold forth such wanton courses,
 Thy Oysters hint the very Saints
 To horn the very Horles.
Help, &c.

10.

Though they salute not in the Street
 (Because they are our Masters)
 'Tis now reveal'd why *Quakers* meet
 In Meadows, Woods, and Pastures.
 But Hors-men, Mare-men, all and some
 Who Man and Beast perplex,
 Not only from *East-Horsly* come,
 But from *West-Middle-Sex*.
Help, &c.

11.

This was not GREEN the *Feltmaker*,
 Not willow GREEN the *Baker*,
 Nor GEORGE the Sea-GREEN *Mariner*,
 But RALPH the Grass GREEN *Quaker*.
 Had GREEN the Sow-gelder but known,
 And done his Office duly,
 Tho' RALPH was GREEN when he came on,
 He had come off most bluely.
Help, &c.

12.

Alas you know by Man's flesh came
 The Foul Disease to Naples,
 And now we fear the very same
 Is brake into our Stables;
 For Death hath stolen so many Steeds
 From Prince and Peer and Carrier,
 That this new Murrain rather needs
 A * FARRAR than a Farrier.

Help, &c.

[* *Physitian*
 to the Earl
 of Pembroke
 who is no Qua-
 ker nor Quas-
 ker.

Nay

13.

Nay this GREEN within the Walls
Of Colchester left Forces,
Those Cavaliers were Canibals,
Eating his humane Horses!
But some make Man their *second course*,
(In cool Blood will not spare)
Who butcher Men and favour Horse
Will couple with a Mare.
Help, &c.

14.

This Centaur, unquoth Other think,
Will make a dreadful Breach: [** A new Sect*
Yet tho' an Ass may Speak or *Sing, of Young Men
Oh let not Horses Preach! and Women who
But Bridle such wild Colts who can pray, eat, and
When they'll obey no Summons, sing extempore
For things begot 'tween Mare and Man
Are neither Lords nor Commons.
Help, &c.

15.

O Elders, Independants too,
Tho' all your Powr's combin'd,
Quakers will grow too strong for you
Now Horse and Man are joyn'd:
While Cavaliers, poor foolish Rogues,
Know only Maids Affairs,
She-Presbyters can deal with Dogs,
And Quaking Men with Mares.
Help, &c.

16.

Now as when Milan Town was rear'd,
A Monstrous Sow untam'd,
With back half Hair half Wool appear'd,
'Twas Mediolanum nam'd:

So

42 SONGS and POEMS

So Colchester must have recourse
 To some such Four-legg'd Sister,
 For sure as Horsley comes from Horse
 From Colt 'twas call'd Colchester.
 Help Lords and Commons, once more help,
 O send us Knives and Daggers!
 For if the Quakers be not gelt
 Your Troops will have the Staggers.

A Jolt on Michaelmas-Day, 1654.

To him that hath fool'd
 More than Mahomet could, &c.

1.

IT fell on a day
 When good People say
 St. Michael beat the Dragon,
 My Lord the Protector
 Did drive (like a Hector)
 A Coach instead of a Wagon.

2.

Because he did hear
 The best Charioteer
 Did antiently wear a Crown,
 Up went the Horse-heels,
 Round round went the Wheels,
 'Till his Highness came head-long down.

3.

He rein'd them so hard
 They look'd back and were scar'd
 To see him so red and so grim;
 Away then they fled,
 And though he us'd to lead,
 These New-model'd Horse would lead him.

4. But

4.
But O how they snuff
When his Pistol flew off,
For which all the Saints suspect him ;
Doth Providence attend him,
Thirty thousand defend him,
Yet a poor Pocket-pistol protect him ?

5.
How many a Hurl
Had poor Mr. Thurl ———
lo! He in the Coach did prank it :
He thought he had fate
Chief Secretary of State,
But was tols'd like a Dog in a Blanket.

6.
Nay had they run faster
He'd follow his Master
Through all the Scenes of his Mad-show :
A Brewer, a Colonel,
A Preacher, a General,
A Protector, a King — then comes *Bradshaw*.

7.
They slander my Lord
With a bug-bear Word,
That he did like *Phaeton* drive ;
But his *Highbness* try'd
Six Horses to guide,
And *Phaeton* had but five.

8.
Mad *Phaeton* hurl'd
Fire all o'er the World,
Then dead in a River was found :
But my Lord had no aym
To set all in flame,
And never was born to be drown'd.

9.
'Twas *Nero* did strive
Such Chariots to drive,

And

And publickly shew'd his Work ;
 But when my Lord sticks
 Up his Bills to shew tricks,
 He'l undo th'other *dancing Turk*.

10.

But if you look nigh,
 There's some reason why
 These Jades did so fling and skip,
 For though we afford
 Him the *power of the Sword*,
 He had no command of the *Whip*.

11.

Enthron'd in their Chair
 (What a pox did He there ?)
 He took such *Protectory* courses,
 He seem'd Horse and Mule,
 But 'tis easier to Rule
 Three Kingdoms, than fix Horses.

12.

Not a day nor an hour
 But we felt his power,
 And now he would shew his Art :
 His first Reproach
 Is a fall from a Coach,
 And his last will be from a Cart.

*The SCOTCH Riddle Unfolded, or Re-
 flections upon R. W. his most Lamentable
 Balad, called the Loyal Non-Conformist.*

Stand up *Smeſymnuus*, and hear thy Tryal
 Thy monstrous *Title* puts me to a pause :
 Was ever any *Non-Conformist* Loyal?
 Loves he the *King* that *disobeys* his *Laws*?

Yet

Yet he can Swear, and yet he fears to Swear ;
 For Solemn Oaths they must have Sacred grounds :
 The Oaths of *Scotland* cost poor *England* dear,
 That Swore from *Faith* and *Troth*, to *Blood* and
 (*Wounds* .

'Tis truth, old *Boreas* never could blow *West* ;
 And you may note a *Non-Conformist* mouth
 What ere he says, what ere he doth protest,
 Stands (like *Emanuel Chappel*) *North* and *South* .

He fears an *Oath* as *Lawyers* do a *Bible*,
 Tho' he dissembles a Religious dread ;
 For 'tis well known that all the factious *Tribe*,
 Swallow'd the *Covenant Hand over Head* .

That *Covenant*, in which the People Swore
 They knew not what : 'Twas such another thing
 As *Satans Oracles*, or *Tarletons Lore*,
 That cry'd *Forbear*, yet whisper'd *Kill the King* .

The *curst Covenant*, which he that now
 Abjures is free ; but he that keeps it finds
 Himself a *Baffled Samson*, and his Vow
 A *Dalilab*, for whom it binds it blinds :

How vainly do their loose pretences gild
 That *Warbeck Principle*, call'd *Conscience*, which,
 Like *Jone of Arc*, leads *Troops* into the *Field*,
 She stiles her self a *Saint*, yet proves a *Witch* .

If *Truth* hath any *Virtue* to convince :
 If *Pulpits* can speak better things than *Tubs* :
 This *Conscience* owes *Allegiance* to her *Prince* ;
 The *King of Hearts* commands the *Queen of Clubs* .

But is't not strange the *Bramble* should defend
Joves sacred *Tree*, that lately did aspire

Not

Re-
ble
ist.

Yez

46 SONGS and POEMS

Not only th' Ivy but the Oak to rend,
And (like a Traitor) set the Wood on fire.

Yet talk'd of Loyalty; but what he meant
Some Conjuror expound, but to Obey
Moses and flee from wicked Korah's Tent,
Is Holy Writ, and not Apocrypha.

Nor care I though th' Apocrypha were not,
And yet I do believe that Antient story
Of Bell and Dragon cannot be forgot,
If there be extant ere a Directory.

The Machabes shall flourish like Italians,
And after Ages shall not be bereft
Of chaste Susanna, and her pair of Tallions;
Whilst we have Church, or they have Elders left.

What our great Prelates do, and what they are,
God and the King shall question; we re-forbid:
Yet they that do the worst, do better far
Then the Smeathman Party wish they did.

Their Bishopricks (against the false Kirk's will)
Have out-liv'd Sedgwick's Doooms-day; and I hope
Each Diocefs will keep her Crosier still,
And not let ev'ry Parish have a Pope.

What was St. Peter's Office, what his Trade,
The Gospel gives us a more clear Narration;
It doth not say his Fishing Nets were made
Of Treason, Sacrilege, or Sequestration.

That he ne're taught the Presbyterian way,
Doth well appear by his Divine Epistles:
And (though he Preach'd as often as they say)
He never Preach'd for Bodkins, Spoons and Whistles.

Peace then fond Mouth's, be still unhallow'd Pates ;
 Make not the Church the subject of your Jeers,
 But reckon Dr. *Bastwick* and his Mates
Uncircumcis'd of Heart, though not of Ears.

Proud *Presbyters* ; remember *Thirty Pieces*
 Was all the Fees the *Jews* e're gave your Patron :
 If *London Sheep* had born no better *Fleeces*
 Dame *Calamy* had been a *Thread-bear Matron*.

Yet who is't does not think your *suiveling Brother*,
 Would swing his *Hankerchief* over *Paul's Steeple*,
 And wear as high a Miter as another,
 But he's a *Pharisee*, and fears the People.

As for *Church Vestments*, Hemp we will bestow
 On *Snarling Priests* that mouth against the King,
 And he that comes into the Church by th' Bow,
 'Tis Justice that he should go out by th' String.

But if the *Gallows* e'er should have her right :
 As who knows what may be (dear *Smec*. perhaps
 'T may be thy day) 'twould be a pretty fight
 To see the Hangman wear a brace of Caps.

Was any of *Pauls Books* or *Parchments* found
 In *Byfields Registry* (my good *Divines* ?)
 Although this *Cloak* was long and swept the ground,
 'Twould be too short to cover your *Designs*.

Hence then ye *Caterpillars*, Dregs of Men,
 Hence *Pulpit Blood-bounds*, hence *Seditious pack* :
 Now *Bells* shall never say *Return again*,
 Although perhaps the *Ropes* may call ye back.

And farewell *Wild*, with all thy learned Meeters,
 Posterity shall laugh, and picture thee

48 *SONGS and POEMS*

On the same Sign with *Archee* and *Hugh Peters*,
And under-write this Motto, *We be three.*

Dr. Corbet's Journey into FRANCE.

I Went from *England* into *France*,
Nor yet to learn to Cringe nor Dance,
Nor yet to Ride or Fence;

Nor did I go like one of those
That do return with half a Nose
they carried from hence.

But I to *Paris* rode along,
Much like *John Dory* in the Song
Upon a Holy Tide,

I on an ambling Neg did jet,
I trust he is not paid for yet;
And spur'd him on each side.

And to *St. Denis* fast we came,
To see the Sights of *Nostre Dame*,
The Man that shews them Snaffles:

Where who is apt for to believe,
May see our Ladies Right-arm Sleeve,
And eke her old Pantofles:

Her Breast, her Milk, her very Gown
That she did wear in *Bethlem* Town,
When in the Inn she lay.

Yet all the World knows that's a Fable,
For so good Cloaths ne're lay in Stable
Upon a lock of Hay.

on several Occasions.

No Carpenter could by his trade
Gain so much coyn as to have made
a gown of so rich stuff.

Yet they poor fools, think for their credit,
They may believe old *Joseph* did it,
cause he deserv'd enough,

There is one of the Crosses nailes,
Which who so sees his Bonnet vails,
and if he will may kneel.

Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so,
Yet feeling it, thus much I know,
it is as true as steel.

There is a Lanthorn which the *Jews*,
When *Judas* led them forth, did use,
it weighs my weight downright:

But to believe it, you must think
The *Jews* did put a candle in't,
and then 'twas very light.

There's one Saint there hath lost his nose;
Another's head, but not his toes,
his Elbow and his Thumb.

But when that we had seen the rags,
We went to the Inn and took our Nags,
and so away did come.

We came to *Paris* on the green,
'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
'tis *Europes* greatest Town.

50 SONGS and POEMS

How strong it is I need not tell it,
For all the world may easily smell it,
that walk it up and down:

There many strange things are to see,
The Palace and great Gallery,
the Palace royal doth excell;

The New Bridge and the Statutes there,
At *Noſtre Dame*, *Saint Q. Pater*,
the Steeple bears the Bell.

For learning th' *Univerſitie*,
And for old clothes the Frippery;
the House the Queen did build.

Saint Innocents, whose earth devours
Dead corps in four and twenty hours,
and there the King was kill'd:

The *Boſs-hill* and *Saint Denis* ſtreet,
The *Shaffleniſt* like *London Fleet*,
the *Arsenal*, no toy.

But if you'll ſee the prettieſt thing,
Go to the Court and ſee the King,
O'tis a hopeful Boy.

He is of all his Dukes and Peers
Reverenc'd for much wit at his years,
nor muſt you thiuk it much;

For he with little ſwitch doth play,
And makes fine dirty pies of Clay,
O never King made ſuch.

A bird that can but kill a flie,
Or prate doth please his Majesty,
'tis known to every one.

The Duke of *Guise* gave him a Parrot,
And he had twenty Cannons for it,
for his new Galeon.

○ that I e'er might have the hap
To get the bird which in the Map
is call'd the *Indian Rook*.

I'd give it him, and hope to be
As rich as *Guire* or *Liwine*,
Or else I had ill luck.

Birds about his chamber stand,
And he them feeds with his own hand,
'tis his humility.

And if they do want any thing,
They need but whistle for their King,
and he comes presently.

But now then, for these parts he must
Be enstiled *Lewis the just*,
Great Henry's Lawful Heir;

When to his Stile, to add more words,
They'd better call him *King of Birds*,
than of the great *Navar*.

He hath besides a pretty quirk,
Taught him by nature, how to work
in Iron with much ease.

Sometimes to the Forge he goes,
There he knocks, and there he blowes,
And makes both locks and keys :

Which puts a doubt in every one,
Whether he be *Mars* or *Vulcan's* son,
Some few believe his Mother.

But let them all say what they will,
I came resolv'd, and so think still,
As much the one as th' other.

The People too dislike the Youth,
Alledging reasons, for in truth,
Mothers should honour'd be :

Yet others say, he loves her rather
As well as e'er she lov'd his Father,
And that's notoriously.

His Queen a pretty little wench,
Was born in *Spain*, speaks little French,
She's ne'er like to be Mother :

For her incestuous House could not
Have Children which were not begot
By Uncle or by Brother :

Now why should *Lewis*, being so just,
Content himself to take his lust
With his *Lucina's* mate ;

And suffer his little pritty Queen
From all her race, that yet hath been,
So to degenerate ?

'Twere

'Twere charity for to be known
To love others Children as his own,
And why? It is no shame;

Unless that he would greater be
Than was his Father *Henry*,
Who, Men thought, did the same?

The Riddle of the Roundhead.

By Mrs. B E H N.

I.
Now at last the Riddle is Expounded,
Which so long the Nation has confounded,
For the Roundhead
Begins the Game again,
Which so well they play'd in Forty four,
Now with greater hope;
For their fine Sham-plots will ne'r give over,
Till they piously have routed King and Pope.

2.
Anthony that worm of *Reformation*,
Who of *Commonwealth* has laid Foundation,
Which the Nation
So hotly does pursue;
Let him be rewarded in the *Tower*,
For his Merits due:
By that busie Plotting head laid lower,
We may perhaps escape what might ensue.

3.
Perkin makes fine legs to th' shouting Rabble,
Who to make him King he thinks are able;
But the Bauble
Is only shew'd for use:
The silly Ideot serves but for a Tool still,
For Knaves to work their Fates,

54 SONGS and POEMS

But doth remain a dull mistaken Fool still,
For all their damn'd Cabals and *Wapping* Treats.

4.

The most zealous Parliament devoted,
For the publick good devoutly voted,
Pray note it,

That the Duke must ne'er be King;
And like honest faithful loyal Subjects,
His Majesty implore,
To sign their pious and religious Projects;
Or else the threaten'd King must reign no more.

5.

The renowned work of Reformation,
To be carry'd on throughout the Nation,
In a Passion

They vote the Canons down:
Acts and Statutes all must be confounded,
Law and Justice too,
To make way for the proud *rebellious Roundhead*,
That they once more the Nation may undo.

6.

Lords and Bishops both are useless Voted,
And the factious Crew who gravely Plotted,
Are noted

For Lords and Commons too,
Whigs and *Brumblings* with shams and stories
Are True Protestants,
And Protestants are *Masquerades* and *Tories*,
The Modern Reformation of the Saints.

7.

Old Queen *Bess* that made the best Indentures,
Good King *Jemmy* too against *Dissenters*,
He ventures

To turn them out of doors;
To take in *Quakers*, *Puritans* and *Ranters*,
The Parliament implores,
To build a Kirk of *Whigs* and *Covenanters*,
And make a Lawful Race of Sons of Whores.

8. Rowley

8.

Rowley now with Wisdom and grave Reason,
To prevent the swift approaching Treason,
In season

Put a period to their strife ;
In *Oxford* all the Stratagems confounded,
The Roguish *Foyner* too ;
And may no better Fate attend the *Roundhead*
That wou'd the *Church* and *Monarchy* subdue.

9.

Oxford loyal Youths who scorn to sham us,
With a perjur'd Bill of *Ignoramus*,
Or name us

For Loyal, Traytors known ;
Soon found a flaw i' th' bottom of the *Foyner*,
By Justice and the Laws,
Of Church and Commonwealth an Underminer,
Who fell a Martyr in the *Good Old Cause*.

10.

Now for shame ye Zealots be confounded,
Boast no more Allegiance, since a *Roundhead*
Is grounded.

Upon the Holy Sham :
How dare ye talk of Loyalty, a Hater
Of Justice, King and Laws,
Since the *Whiggish* Protestant is found a Traytor,
And dies a Martyr in the *Good Old Cause*.

The Loyal Scot: An Excellent New SONG.
By the Same,

1.

BRed of Gued ! I think the Nation's mad,
And nene but Knaves and perjur'd Loons do
[rule the Roast ;
And for an honest Karl ne living's to be had,

D 4

Why

38 SONGS and POEMS

Why sure the *Deel* is Landed on the *English Coast*.
 Tha' ne'er been here sin' *Forty Three*,
 And now thro' *Scotland* gang, to'l see our gracious
 [King;
 But wounds a *Gued!* instead of mirth and merry-
 [glee,
 I find aud sniv'ling *Presbyter* is coming in.

2.
 For they talk of horrid *Popish Plot*, and Heav'n
 [knows what,
 When au the wiser World knows well what they'd
 [be at;
 For which sike like seeming Sanctity, the guede st
 [King,
 They did to Death and Ruin bring.
 When on the Civil-broils they first did enter in,
 As well ye ken with *Poperie* they did begin;
 And with *Liberty* and *Publick Gued* was muckle din,
 When the *Deel* a bit they meant the thing.

3.
 That Machine of monstrous Policy,
 I'se mean old *Shaftsbury* for Loyalty so fam'd,
 The Voice of all the *Geudly Rabble Mobile*,
 The fau sest Loon that ever Envy destin'd Damn'd,
 Heav'n sure never meant so fou a thing,
 But to inform the World where Villany did well,
 And sike a Traytor beath to *Commonwealth* and King,
 The muckle *Deel* did sure nev'r hatch in Hell.

4.
 For, like *Roman Cataline*, to gain his pious ends,
 He Pimps for au the loose *Rebellious Fops* in Toon:
 And with *Treass* and *Treason* daily crams his City
 (Friends,
 From the *Link-man* to the *Scarlet Goon*.
 And with high Debauchery they carry on the Cause.
 And *Geudly Reformation* was the Sham pretence:
 And Religiously defie Divine and Humane Laws,
 With obedience to their Rightful Prince.

5. Then,

5:

Then, as Speaker to this Grand Cabal,
 Old Envy *Tony*, seated at the head o' th' Board,
 His Learn'd Oration for Rebellion makes to all,
 Applauded and approv'd by ev'ry Faction's Lord,
 Cully J E M M Y then they Vote for King,
 Whom Curse confound for being like a senseless
 (Loon,
 Can they who did their lawful Lord unto the Scaf-
 (fold bring,
 Be just to him, that has no Title to the Croon?

6.

But they find he's a Blockhead fitted for their use,
 A Fool by Nature, and a Knave by Custom grown,
 A Gay *Fop-Monarch*, that the Rabble may abuse;
 And their bus'ness done, will soon Un-Throne.
 And *Jemmy* swears and vows, can he get the Croon,
 He by the Laws of *Forty Ene* will guided be:
 And profane *Lawn-Sleeves* and *Surplices* again must
 (doon,
 Then hey for auld *PRESBYTERY*.

7.

B---m a States-man would be thought,
 And reason geud that he should bear that rev'rend
 (name,
 Since he was ene of them that first began the *Plot*,
 How he the King might banter, and 3 Kingdoms
 (sham.
 But the *Male Contents*, his Noble Grace
 To this *Rehearsal* did invite to hear and see:
 But, whilst he wittily contriv'd it but a *Farce*,
 The busier Noddles turned into *Tragedy*.

8.

And now each *Astor* does begin to play his part,
 And so well he cons his Geer, and takes his Cue,
 Till they learn to play the Rebel so by rote of heart,
 That the fictitious Story seems as true.

D 5

And

58 SONGS and POEMS

And now, without controll, they apprehend and
 (hang,
 And with the Nation an is Gospel that they swear :
 Then, bonny *Jockey*, prithee back to'l *Scotland* gang,
 For a Loyal Lad's in danger here.

Advice to the City, or the Whigs Loyalty.
 By Mr. D'URFET.

1.
Remember ye *Whiggs* what was formerly done,
 Remember your *Mischiefs* in *Forty and One*,
 When *Friend* oppos'd *Friend*, and *Father* the *Son*,
 Then, then the *Old Cause* went rarely on ;
 The *Cap* sat a loft, and low was the *Crown*,
 The *Rabble* got up, and the *Nobles* went down ;

Lay *Elders* in *Tubs*,
 Rul'd *Bishops* in *Robes*,
 Who mourn'd the sad *Fate*
 And dreadful *Disaster*,
 Of their *Royal Master*,
 By *Rebels* betray'd.

Then *London* be wise, and baffle their *Power*,
 And let them *Play* the *Old Game* no more ;

Hang, hang up the *Shrieves*
 Those *Baboons* in *Power*,
 Those *Popular Thieves*,
 Those *Rats* of the *Tower*,

Whose *Canting Tale* the *Rabble* believes,
 In a hurry, and newer sorry ;

Merrily they go on,
 Ey for shame,

We're too tame, since they claim the *Combat* ;

Tan, ta, ra, ra, ra,

Tan, ta, ra, ra, ra ;

Dub, a dub, and let the *Drum*-beat,

The strong *Malitia* guard the *Throne*.

2. When:

2.

When Faction possesses the popular Voice,
The Cause is supply'd still with Non-sence and Noise,
And Tony their Speaker, the Rabble leads on,
He knows if we prosper, that he must then run.
Carolina must be his next Station of ease,
And London be rid of her worst Disease.

From Plots and from Spies,
From Treason and Lies,
We shall ever be free,
And the Law shall be able,
To punish a Rebel
As cunning as he.

Then London be wise, &c.

3.

Rebellion ne'er wanted a Loyal pretence ;
These Villains swear all's for the good of their
(Prince :

Oppose our Elections, to shew what they dare,
And losing their Charter, Arrest the Lord Mayor ;
Fool Jenks was the first o' th' Cuckoldy Crew,
With Ellis, and Feykel, and Hubland the Jew ;
Fam'd Sparks of the Town,
For Wealth and Renown,
Give the Devil his due,
And as we fear,
Had their Sovereign been there,
Th' had Arrested him too,

Then London be wise, &c.

The

*The Kings Health, set to Farinel's Grounds.
In Six Parts. By the Same.*

First Strain.

JOY to Great Caesar,
Long Life, Love and Pleasure ;
'Tis a Health that Divine is,
Fill the Bowl high as mine is ;
Let none fear a Feaver,
But take it off thus Boys ;
Let the King live for ever,
'Tis no matter for us Boys.

Second Strain.

TRy all the Loyal,
Defy all,
Give denial ;
Sure none thinks his Glafs too big here,
Nor any *Prig* here,
Or Sneaking *Whig* here,
Of Cripple *Tony's* Crew,
That now looks blew,
His Heart akes too,
The *Tap* won't do,
His Zeal so true,
And Projects new,
Ill Fate does now pursue,

Third Strain.

Let *Tories* Guard the King,
Let *Whigs* in Halter's swing ;
Let *Pilk* and *Shute* be sham'd,
Let Bugg'ring *Oats* be damn'd ;

Let

Let Cheating *Player* be nick'd,
The turn-coat *Scribe* be kick'd;
Let Rebel *City* Dons
Ne'er beget their Sons;
Let ev'ry *Whiggish* Peer,
That Rapes a Lady fair;
And leaves his only Dear
The Sheets to gnaw and tear,
Be punish'd out of hand,
And forc'd to pawn his Land
T' attone the grand Affair,

Fourth Strain.

Great ^{Charles} ~~James~~, like *Jehovah*, spares those would
(Un-King Him,
And warms with his *Graces* the *Vipers* that sting Him:
Till Crown'd with just Anger, the Rebels He seizes;
Thus Heaven can thunder when ever it pleases.

Figg.

Then to the *Duke* fill, fill up the Glass,
The Son of our *Martyr* belov'd of the King:
Envy'd and Lov'd,
Yet Bless'd from above,
Secur'd by an Angel safe under his Wing.

Sixth Strain.

Action and Folly,
And State Melancholly,
With *Tony* in *Whigland* for ever shall dwell;
Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty,
Then teach us our Duty,
For none e'er can Love, or be Wise and Rebel.

'A Song at the Loyal Feast in Westminster-Hall, on July the 10th. 1684.

I.

See, see, the Air clears, the Murm'ers that grumbled;
The Gods, and the Vengeance of *Charles* has all
(humbled;
The heads that at Crowns would be reaching,
Are mounted on Pole, while their *Quarters* hang blea-
So perish the *Tools* of Pop-Property Kings, (ching.
Where Fools Peach on *Cedars*, and Knaves find 'em
(Wings;

No, the Royal Line
A Channel that Divine is;
For *Charles* and his Heirs,
We will spend our last Breath, Boys,
March through Seas and through Fires,
Through Blood, Wounds, and Death, Boys:
Then warm our brisk *Veins*, for *Allegiance* inspires us;
'Tis a Spark that's Cœlestial, when Loyalty fires us.
Let Fate do her worst, ev'n in ruin we're Crown'd:
Tho' thrown down to Graves, to the Stars we'll re-
Fresh Lawrels on the Tomb (bound.
Of the Honest shall bloom.

Around the whole *Globe*, let our *Ashes* be hurl'd;
The Dust of the Loyal shall new Seed the World:
Aronnd the whole *Globe*, let our *Ashes* be hurl'd;
The Dust of the Loyal shall new Seed the World.

2.

All's our own Boys, our own Boys, the Tryumph is
(gotten:
See, the Kirk Dagon tumbles, and the Old Cause is
(rotten.

Bare-

Farewell to Geneva; your fusty
Old Tony's Sedition

And Tap lees run musty:

That compound of *Aches, Pox, Faction, and Gout*,
Is dropt into *Styx*, and the Fire-brand put out.

Let *Ferguson* Preachers,

And *Farrington* rank Lechers,

No more can *Sedition* and *Church-Reformation*

Come from flogging at *Creswells*, to saving the Nation.

There's all *Rogue* and *cheat* in *Phanatick* and *Rumper*;

Whilst *Honour* and *Truth* are in *James* and a *Bumper*.

Let Famous *Mark-Antony* quaff his rich Pearl,

The Price of a Kingdom,

The Price of a Kingdom,

In a Health to a Girl;

But whilst our Bowls go round,

To *Cæsars* Health be Crown'd.

And of Hearts and Souls a rich Off'ring we bring;

There's a World in the Goblet that's drank to the King.

Whilst of all Hearts and Souls one rich Off'ring we bring,

There's a World in the Goblet that's drank to the King.

News from LONDON.

Dear *Will*, thy last dld earnestly enquire
What News in Town? This answers thy de-
This City is a Shop of Novelty, (fire:
Where nothing's Old but Sense and Honesty;
New Wines from *Spain*, New Fools from *France*
(come o'er,
New Thoughts of War, New Crowds of Foreign
New Places to the least deserving fall; (Poor;
New Suits make Taylors work, and Lawyers Bawl;
Weavers set up for Politicians; Dice
Are grown as common as our Gentry Nice:

Cast

64 SONGS and POEMS

Cast Captains Tutor'd by Necessity,
 Use Nature's Weapon now that Art's laid by;
 And by the dark Intrigues of Park and Pit,
 Breaks Heart and Fortune of Cornuted Cit:
 No friendly Laws check growing Usury,
 Yet for le's Crimes Poor Rogues at Tyburn Die:
 The Gladiator's Gain, directed Rage,
 With Poet Bombast, vies to Plague the Stage.
 For other things, Faith *Will*, they're much the same
 You left 'em; Beggars still are Blind and Lame:
 Gay Baubles still delight the Giddy Crowd,
 The Poor are Envious, and the Rich still Proud:
 Maids dress for Husbands, Whores for Cullies Paint,
 And honest Presbyter still Apes the Saint:
 Envy feign'd Friendship, Pimps, and false Report,
 Are still Inhabitants of Town and Court;
 Bawds dress in Tissu, Quakers love the Vine,
 And Poets still Lament the want of Coin:
Crispine on Monday, throws his Awl aside,
 And noise Quacks thro' th' bubb'd City ride:
 The Lawyers Clerks (when Drunk) do still pursue
 Their ancient Foes, the Night-commanding Crew
 Of drowsie Watchmen, to attain the Name
 Of honest Rake, (a Word of modern Fame.)
 Women run Mad, for Hemp and Water fight,
 As if but two Roads to the Realms of Night:
 But might my Pray'rs the yet untainted seize,
 The P---x shou'd not out-rival the Disease
 Of wishing Death; 'twould ease my burning Hate,
 Pay an Old Debt, and purge the sick'ning State,
 O'ercharg'd with Women: This, dear *Will*, is all
 That does within my weak Remembrance fall
 Worthy Remark; which with my hopes to see
 This distance chang'd to wish'd Society,
 Is all at present from

Your Friend,
 T. B.

The

The Golden AGE.

IN that calm Age, for many Blessings stil'd,
 The Golden one, when Beasts were only wild,
 How happy did Man live? Unfollid Peace
 Lent Joys soft Wings to Time: The kind encrease
 Of Heaven's Blessings render'd Want unknown,
 Envy unborn, and Discord's Seeds unsown;
 No Land-Marks then did Earth's rich Surface wound,
 What each cou'd Till was undisputed Ground;
 As much of Earth as could by one be Sown,
 Reap'd and Manur'd, was properly his own;
 The World was open, no Inclosures lay,
 To make the Traveller forsake his way;
 But all in common liv'd; if ought did prove
 Displeasing, 'twas but Saddle and Remove;
 No Man cou'd at his Neighbours Riches grutch,
 Since if he pleas'd he might enjoy as much;
 Sweet Innocence, and just Equality,
 Chain'd Envy up, and Crown'd Society.
 If ought was lent, no Obligation lay,
 No Bond nor Witness gag'd a payment Day;
 So just, and so unpractic'd to deceive,
 Were Men, they could without an Oath believe;
 No Court Disputes did their calm Hours annoy:
 (Where Truth presides, there's little Room for Law.)
 No greedy Merchant for the Thirst of Gain,
 To distant Shores cut through the liquid Plain,
 No Sounds of War disturb'd the lab'ring Swain.
 No Court Cabals, no Frauds destructive prov'd,
 But Words and Meaning still together mov'd:
 No Thoughts of noisie Fame, no loose Desire,
 Did 'yond a happy Harvest Hope aspire:
 Thus did Men live, 'till fatal thine and mine,
 Usher'd in Ruin, Discord, and Design.

of

Of a Country Life.

HOW happy is the Peasant's Life ?
 How free from anxious Care ?
 Not knowing Grandeur, knows no Strife ;
 Storms breed in upper Air.
 Ambition does not break their Sleep,
 Nor Envy make 'em pine ;
 Contented if their own they keep,
 And further Hopes as vain decline.
 Their Wishes fashion'd to their State,
 In Peace's Channel flow ;
 Not swelling, as 'tis with the great,
 To work their Owner's Wo.
 When Trumpets sound they Lend an Ear,
 Fame's Musick horrid call ;
 Yet tho' surpriz'd, they know no fear,
 So near the Earth they dread no fall.
 Proud Buildings are to them unknown,
 A humble Cottage shields
 More surely than a Monarch's Crown,
 From whatsoe'er displeasure yields.
 Glory the Darling of the Court,
 Coy Mistress of Aspiring Youth,
 Is there confin'd to Rural Sport,
 Or center'd in a rugged Truth.
 The Miser's God, lock-breaking Gold,
 Does not a Rural Mind bewitch ;
 Capacious Barns their Treasures hold,
 And just Men are with them the Rich.
 Wild Lust that ever lov'd a shade,
 Does from their happy Shades withdraw ;

Not

Not daring Bosoms to invade,
Where Reason gives to Passion Law.

Deceit, tho' stil'd by some an Art,
They reckon does the Man deface ;
Nor own a Medium in Desert ;
Who is not just, is surely base.

Impiety they do detest,
As Suiters do delay ;
Fearing to Harbour such a guest,
For as they work they pray.

E'en in their Pastimes innocent,
The Fishing-Rod and Gun,
Worse Exercises do prevent,
And Hours with pleasure Crown.
Then grant me Heaven such a Life,
So innocently Free ;
From all the various Seeds of Strife,
That soil Society.

I ask not Pow'r, Wealth or Fame,
Enough to say I am not Poor ;
Enough to shield my Days from Shame,
Is all I ask, all I implore.

An humble Cottage to command,
A wholesome Fountain by ;
A useful Thicket near at Hand,
My hopes no higher fly.

Where with a Study and a Friend,
The richest Jem of Life,
I cou'd my Days begin and end,
No matter for a Wife.

*A Petitionary Epistle: From Mr. Prior,
to Fleet Shepherd.*

WHile crouding Folks, with strange ill Faces,
Were making Legs, and begging Places;
And some with Patent, some with Merit,
Tir'd out my good Lord Dorset's Spirit.
Sneaking I stood amongst the Crew,
Desiring much to speak with you:
I waited while the Clock struck thrice,
And Footmen brought out Fifty Lyes;
But (Patience vex'd, and Legs grown weary)
I found it was in vain to tarry,
And did Opine, it might be better,
By Penny-Post to send a Letter.

My Bus'ness, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
Is to desire some little Place:
And fair Pretensions I have for't;
Much Want, and very small Desert.
I ne'er Writ to you, but I've wanted;
And always Beg'd, you always Granted:
To my old Custom I am true;
For God's Sake, don't you get a New.
But, as you took me up when little,
Got me my Learning, and my Victual,
And still Equipt me with things-fitting,
Kind, as I'd been your own Begetting;
Confirm what formerly you've given,
Nor leave me now at Six and Seven,
As *Sunderland* has left *Munsteven*.
No Family that takes a Whelp,
When first it Laps, and scarce can Yelp;
Neglects, or turns it out at Gate,
When once 'tis grown to Dog's Estate:

No Parish, if they once adopt
The helpless Bearn which Strowls have dropt ;
Leave 'em, when grown up lusty Fellows,
To the wide World, that is, the Gallows :
None thank 'em for such Love ; that's worse
Than if they'd throttled 'em at Nurse.

My Uncle, (rest his Soul !) when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of Thriving,
Taught me, with *Cyder*, to replenish
My Fats, at Ebbing Tide of *Rhenish* ;
And when, for *Hock*, I drew prick'd *Whitewine*,
Swear 't had the Flavor, and was right Wine :
Or put me, with Ten Pounds, to *Furni-
Val's Inn*, to eminent Attorney,
Where now, by Forging Deeds and Cheating,
I'd had some handsome way of Getting.
You made me leave all this, to follow
That Sneaking Whay-fac'd God, *Apollo* ;
Sent me amongst the Fidling Crew
Of Folks I'd never seen, or knew, }
Calliope, and God knows who. }
To add no more Investives to it,
You've spoil'd the Youth, to make the Poet.
In common Justice, Sir, there's no Man
That takes the Whore, but keeps the Woman ;
And, amongst all honest People,
Who e'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple :
The Sum of all I have to say }
Is, That you'll let me in some way, }
And your Petitioner shall ever Pray, &c.

There's one thing more I had almost Slipt,
But it will do as well in Postscript :
My Friend C ——— M ———'s prefer'd ; }
Nor wou'd I have it long observ'd, }
That one Moufe Eats, while th' other's Starv'd.

*Bacchinalia Cœlestia. Or, a Receipt how to
Make Punch. By Alexander Ratcliff.*

THe Gods and the Goddeses lately did Feast,
Where *Ambrosia* with exquisite Sauces was
The Edibles did with their qualities suit, (Drest.
But what they shou'd drink did occasion dispute.

'Twas time that old *Nectar* shou'd grow out of fa-
(shion,
Being a liquor they'd drunk long before the Creation.
The Sky-colour'd Cloth being drawn from the board.
For the *chrystalline* Bowl Great *Jove* gave the word:
The Bowl like the Thought was of Heavenly Size,
In which Infant Gods they did use to Baptize.

Quoth *Jove*, I'm inform'd they drink *Punch* upon
(Earth,
By which Mortal Wights do outdo us in Mirth:
Wherefore our Godheads together let's lay,
And endeavour to make it much stronger than they.
'Twas Spoke like a God, fill the Bowl to the top;
He's Cashier'd from the Sky that leaves but a drop.

Apollo dispatht away one of his Lasses,
Which fetcht us a Pitcher from the Well of *Parnassus*.
To Poets New Born this liquor is brought,
And this they suck in for their Mornings Draught.

Juno for *Lymons* sent into her Closet,
Which when she was Sick she infus'd into Posset.
For Goddeses sometimes are squeamish as Gypsies;
The Sun and the Moon we find have Ecclipses.
These *Lymons* were call'd the *Hesperian* Fruit,
When the Vigilant Dragon was set to look to't.

Venus

Venus th' Admirer of things that are Sweet,
For without her assistance there could be no Treat;
Presented two Sugar Loves, white as her Doves,
Supported to the Table by a Pair of young Loves.
So wonderful curious these Deities were, (Air.
They strain'd their fine Sugar thro' a Sieve of thin

Bacchus gave notice by his dangling a Bunch,
That without his assistance there cou'd be no *Punch*.
What was meant by his motion was very well known,
For they pour'd in three Gallons of trusty *Langoon*.

Mars tho' a blunt God, yet the chief of the Briskers;
Sat at the Table a twurling his Whiskers.

Quoth he, *Fellow Gods* and *Celestial Gallants*,
I won't give a Fart for your *Punch* without *Nams*:
Wherefore Boy *Ganymede* I do command thee,
To fill up the Bowl with a Runlet of *Brandy*.

Saturn, who of all the Gods was the Eldest,
And we may imagine his Stomach the coldest;
Did out of his Pocket three *Nutmegs* produce,
Which when they were grated were put to the Juice.

Neptune this Ocean of Liquor did Crown,
With a hard Sea Bisket well Bak't in the Sun.
The Cup being finish'd, the Health was began,
Quoth *Jove*, let it be to our Creature, call'd *Man*.
'Tis to him that all our Pleasures we owe,
For Heaven was never true Heaven till now.

The Second Part of the Old Courtier.

I.

A New Song made by an old quibbling Pate
Of an old Roundhead scarce worn out of date,
Who turn'd the Kingdom into a Free State,
Had his Quarters assign'd him upon Cripple-Gate,
Like an Old Roundhead for the Cause,
Or a Triennial Roundhead.

2. Who

2.

Who raised an Army out of the 3 Kingdoms,
Which were call'd the Godly, but indeed were the
That drain'd the Nation of very vast Sums, (Scums
And took City Charter to make head for Drums.

Like an old, &c.

3.

Who held the Common Prayer but a Fable,
Who call'd a Cocker to the Council-Table;
Who made our Church a Kirk, and then a Stable,
As if *Fura Divina* lay in ribble rabble.

Like an old, &c.

4.

Who broach'd Rebellion with many *Stockadoes*,
And every Pulpit was full of *Granadoes*;
For a New Reformation they made their *Bravadoes*,
And made us True-Born *English* by the rule of *Bar-*

Like an old, &c.

(*badoes.*

5.

Thus did they wast *Old England* to the very Stump,
Intending to swallow us all at a Lump;
For which of these 2 put us into a great Dump,
Whether the Whore of *Babylon* or *Westminster* had

Like an old, &c.

(the *Rump.*

6.

They threaten'd to leave us neither Pot, Pan, nor
(*Flaggon.*

And that on our Backs we shou'd have ne'er a Rag

(on,

Till St. George came to *London* and vanquish'd the

(*Draggon.*

But still this old *Roundhead* has something to brag on,

Like an old, &c.

7.

Now he is got him to Court he doth study to frame

(you

New *Trangums*, new *Trinkets*, new *Troubles* to

(tame you ;

And

And Triumphs as if he had thrice overcame you,
And has turn'd his Yea and his Nay to sink and to
(damn you.

Like a new Turncoat of the Times, or the Times new
(Turncoat.

8.

He has got him new Hinges and drove in new
(Hooks :

He has left *Dod* and *Cleaver* for *Fletcher's* Play-Books ;
And at Court you shall have him in all Corners and
(Nooks.

Though his false head hath false hair, yet still he looks
Like a new Turncoat, &c.

9.

He has left off his Preaching, and is now a Rehearfor,
Of other Mens Sonnets to be taken for a Versificator;
And runs at all Puncks with his Putrify'd Piercer,
And is the Devil and his Dam to a *Draper* and *Mer-*
(cer.

Like a new Turncoat, &c.

10.

If you come to Petition he'll seem to be much ob-
(servant,

As long as he finds you're well furnish'd with
(L' Argant ;

But if you have no Mony, you're like for to starve
(on't,

Yet still says he's your very humble Servant.

Like a new, &c.

11.

Your Petition not granted he'll seem to be sorry,
And put you off with a very fine formal Story :
Although in his Heart he doth highly abhor ye,
Yet still he'll say, sweet Sir, I've a kindness for ye.

Like a new, &c.

12.

In no Ceremonious Tire he doth falter,
He listens to the *Organs* and Sings by the *Psalter* ;

E

He

74 SONGS and POEMS

He doth bow and hang down his head to the Altar,
Which were more fitting to be hang'd up in a Hal-
Like a new, &c. (ter.

13.

If any foul Faction hath power to convene,
This Turncoat in Person shall fill up the Scene,
And put in Sedition and Schism between;
And therefore God bless the King and the Queen.
From a new Turncoat of the Times,
Or the Times new Turncoat.

A S O N G.

1.

IN vain we dissemble, in vain do we trifle,
Our flame, and check our desire;
In vain do our Words our Wishes deny,
There is no concealing of Fire:
Tho' we're haughty and scornful, the quick-sighted
The Artifice soon may discover; (Lover
When Frowning the Courtship we seem to despise,
Straits with a Smile
Our Threats we beguile, (Eyes.
Invite with our Looks, and speak Love with our

2.

Tho' Custom we suffer our Fancies to awe,
And Fashion and Mode o'er Nature preside;
Tho' to our actions dull honour gives Law,
Our Thoughts their vain sway do deride:
Tho' we bid 'em be gone, still we fear lest we lose
Why have we Charms unless we use 'em? ('em,
Believe not our Noes, they're all a deceit,
Faint's our denial,
When put to the tryal,
For Beauty, and Life without Love are a cheat.

A S O N G.

W^Hilst on *Septimius* panting breast,
 Meaning nothing less than rest;
Acme lean'd her loving head,
 The pleas'd *Septimius* thus said,
 My dearest *Acme*! if I be
 Once alive, and love not thee,
 With a Passion far above
 All that e'er was called Love,
 In a *Lybian* Defart may
 I become some *Lyons* prey!
 Let him, *Acme*, let him tear
 My breast, when *Acme* is not there.

Chorus.

I.

The God of Love stood by to hear him,
 The God of Love was always near him;
 Pleas'd and tickl'd with the Sound,
 Sneez'd aloud, and all around
 The little Loves that waited by,
 Bow'd, and blest the *Augury*.

2.

Acme inflam'd with what he said,
 Rais'd her gentle bending head;
 And her Purple Mouth with Joy,
 Stretching to the delicious Boy:
 Twice, and twice could not suffice,
 She kiss'd his drunken rolling Eyes.
 My little life, my all, said she,
 So may ever Servants be
 To this best God, and ne'er retain
 Our hated Liberty again:
 So may thy Passion last for me,
 As I a Passion have for thee;
 Greater, and fiercer much than can
 Be conceiv'd by thee, a Man.

E 2

It

It reigns not only in my heart,
But runs like Life through every part.

Chorus.

She Spake, the God of Love, aloud,
Sneez'd again, and all the Croud
Of little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd, and blest the Angury.

A DIALOGUE *betwixt*
Phillis and Strephon.

Phillis.

AH! what can mean that eager Joy,
Transports my Soul when you appear?
Ah Strephon! you my Thoughts employ,
With all that's Charming, all that's Dear:
When you your pleasing Story tell,
A tenderness invades each part;
And I with Blushes own I feel
Something too melting at my heart.

Strephon.

Ten thousand Wishes, Joys, Desires,
Seize on me still, when thee I View;
Ah! may but thine be real Fires,
As mine for ever shall be True.
My heart, like thine, is soft, and kind,
I would fain, but yet it cannot Speak;
I sigh, and leave my words behind;
For Love that can be told is weak.

Phillis.

Phillis.

Each sigh my Reason doth surprize,
And I at once both wish and fear,
My wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes,
As it would prattle Stories there ;
Take that Heart that needs would go,
But Shepherd, see it kindly us'd ;
For who such Presents would bestow,
If this alas ! should be abus'd ?

Strephon.

If Sighs or Tears thy pity move,
Or if thine Eyes thy Love confess ;
Thy sighs do make me dye for Love,
And sure mine Eyes betray no less.
Thy Charming Heart with Joy I'll take,
A gift I love because 'tis thine ;
I'll use it gently for thy sake,
Ah ! be but thou as kind to mine.

Chorus together.

Now all ye listning Gods above,
Bear witness of our mutual love ;
On your gay Wings the Joyful Tidings bear,
To every bright Inhabitant o' th' Air :
Tell 'em, in all their blest Cabals, they see
Nothing so happy, so belov'd as we.

A S O N G.

SOft Notes, and gently rais'd, lest some harsh Sound,
The fair *Corinna's* Breast do rudely wound ;
Diffuse a peaceful calmness thro' each part,
Touch all the Springs of a soft Virgins heart :
Tune every pulse, and kindle all her blood,
And swell the Torrent of the living Flood ;

E 3

Glide

Slide thro' her Dreams, and o'er her Fancy move,
 And stir up all the Images of Love.
 Thus feeble Man doth his advantage take,
 To gain in Sleep what he must lose awake;
 When Night, and Shade shut up *Corinna's* Charms,
 Then is the properest time to take up Arms:
 But Night, and Shades her Beauty can't conceal,
 Night has peculiar Graces to reveal.

Chorus.

Ten thousand Raptures do attend this time,
 Too strong for Fancy, and too full for Rhime.

A S O N G.

Should I once fall in Love, as I hope I ne'er shall,
 Grant ye Gods, to my lot such a Mistress may fall;
 Neither Ugly, nor a Beauty, not more Handsom than
 My Equal in Fortune, in Honour and Blood: (Good,
 Not too easy when courted by yielding with Honour,
 Such, such may she prove or else a plague on her.
 May she have enough Wit, to make sport with pert
 (Fools,
 May her Vertue sit free, not a Slave to stiff Rules;
 That when *Cob* comes to see me, she'll not stick to
 (make one,
 At a Glass, or a Catch, or to laugh at a Punn:
 Such, such would I chuse me, for better, for worse,
 And when the Wife's done, may she prove a good
 (Nurse.

A S O N G.

Beneath an unfrequented Shade,
 For Wreches a retirement made;
 Poor *Damon* lay, and e're he dy'd,
 Complaining, thus to *Phillis* cry'd:
 Ah! could you feel but once that pain,
 The wretch endures that Loves in vain!
 Pity the tender heart would move,
 And make you strive, t' admit my love:

A S O N G.

THe Sweets of good Humour, with those of your
Have taken a fortify'd Heart by Surprise; (Eyes,
The sharpest attacks could never yet move,
To submit to the pleasures of Beauty or Love;
I never will yield, yet alas! 'tis in vain,
To conquer my Love, as her hate or disdain;
If I find her severe, tho' never so fair,
I'll quit all the thoughts of those pleasures in Store;
And turn to that freedom I liv'd in before.

A S O N G.

Love thee till there shall be an end of Matter;
So long till Courtiers leave in Court to flatter;
While empty Courtlings shall laugh, jeer, and jibe,
Or till an old lean Judge refuse a Bribe:
Till young Men Women hate, I will love thee,
Till greedy Lawyers shall renounce a Fee;
And till decrepid Misers Money hate,
Or States-Men leave to juggle in a State;
While Priests Ambition troubles Commonwealth,
Till Whores grow chaste, and Thieves forsake their
Till Tradesmen leave to cozen, or to lye, (Stealth:
Till there's a worthy Flatterer, or brave Spy.
Till honest Valiant Men can be afraid,
Till Kings by Favourites are not betray'd,
Till all Impossibles do meet in one,
I love thee *Phillis*, and love thee alone.

A S O N G.

P*hillis* be gentler I advise,
Make up for time mispent;
When Beauty on its Death-bed lyes,
'Tis high time to repent.
Such is the malice of your Fate,
Which makes you old so soon;

80 . SONGS and POEMS

Your pleasure ever comes too late,
 How early e're begun.
 Think what a wretched thing is she,
 Whose Stars contrive in Spight ;
 The morning of her love should be
 Her fading beauties night.
 Then if to make your ruin more,
 You'll peevishly be coy ;
 Dye with the Scandal of a Wh——
 And never know the Joy.

A Dialogue betwixt Oliver Cromwell
 and Charon.

By Mr. Henry HALL.

Noll.

HAst Charon, hast, 'tis Noll commands thy speed ;
 Charon, I'm he that made three Kingdoms
 bleed.

Charon.

Proud Soul, so black's thy guilt, I know thee well,
 Thou dost those Shades in Colour far excel,
 And seem'st a Beauty-Spot to whiten Hell. }

Noll.

— Dear Charon, hast, vast Streams
 Of injur'd Blood pursue,
 And horrid is its cry,
 And dreadful is its Hew.

Charon.

Stay, stay, how guilty must thou be,
 Who choos'st Hell for Sanctuary ;
 Thy weighty Crimes will never let thee float,
 But singly thou wilt sink my mighty Boat.

Noll.

Noll.

Charon, no more delay, now you presume too far,
Remember what I was in War ;
Did Charles, and shall not I pass o'er the Lake?

Charon.

Weak Shade, thou art too bold, and do'st mistake ;
Still different ways, great Charles and thou did'st
Thy Course was downward, still, his still above. (move,
I saw him ascend, whilst the Angels stoop'd down,
To present a new Throne,
And the loss of his Head to repay
With a huge double Crown.
Look yonder ! I saw
The bright Troop on the Wing,
And as they did fly,
So Spotless, and Bright was the King,
That him from his new Brother Angels
I could not descry.
Then open'd wide *Eliqums* radiant Gate,
And in they flew in gay triumphant State,
And then,
So well God, and Man the Martyr did love ;
Good Men
Wept below, Saints rejoyc'd all above.

Noll.

'Twas brave, and by the Praise thou'st given,
Thou hast made me, what I never was, in love with
But Charles from his Seat shall remove,
Tho' Heavens slight mine, and his actions approve, }
As once upon Earth, I'll dethrone him above. }
I to *Eliqum* hence will go.

E 5

Charon.

82 SONGS and POEMS

Charon.

No Tyrant, No; (fall;
To Dens full of Horrour, thou headlong must
And with Furies as black as thy Treasons must (dwell,
And there as little Mercy as thou shew'dst must feel.

Chorus.

Drag him down to the *Abyſſe*,
Let Flames, and vaſt Serpents
About him ſtill roll,
And as he does pityleſs howl,
Let the Flames ever ſcorch him,
And at him in Scorn the Serpents ſtill hiſs.
Drag him down,
And make the Wretch know
Proud Tyrants on Earth
Shall be Slaves here below.

A S O N G.

C*ynthia* with an awful power,
On all Hearts extends her ſway;
Did the *Eastern* Natives know her,
They'd leſs praiſe the God of Day:
On her Brow Night ſhady lyes,
Whiſt Morning breaks from her fair Eyes.

Sir Henry Wotton to Queen ANNE.

YOU meaner Beauties of the Night,
That poorly ſatiſſie our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
Like common People of the Skies,
What are you when the Moon ſhall riſe?

Y^{ou}

You *Violets* that first appear,
 By your Purple Mantles known,
 Like proud Virgins of the Year,
 As though the Spring were all your own:
 What are you when the Rose is blown?
 You slender Chanters of the Wood,
 That feebly send forth Nature's layes,
 Thinking your Passion's understood;
 By weak assents, what is your praise
 When *Philomel* her Voice doth raise?
 So when my Mrs. shall be seen
 In Comeliness of Face and Mind,
 By Virtue first, then choice a Queen;
 Tell me if she were not design'd
 T' Eclipse the Glory of her kind.

A Song on a Ladys Lips and Eyes.

IN *Calia's* Face a question did arise,
 Which was more beautiful, her lips or eyes.
 We say the *Eyes*, send forth the pointed darts
 Which pierce the hardest *Adamantine* hearts.
 From us reply'd the *Lips*, proceeds those Blissess
 Which Lovers reap by kind Words and sweet Kisses.
 Then wept the *Eyes*, and from those springs did pour
 Of liquid *Oriental Pearl*, a Shower.
 Whereat, the *Lips*, mov'd with delight and pleasure,
 With a sweet grace unlock'd her *Ivory* Treasure,
 And bad *Love* judge whether did add more grace,
 Smiling or Sprinkling unto *Calia's* Face.

On a Fly drown'd in a Lady's Eye.

By Dr. L O E.

WHen this *Fly* liv'd she us'd to play
 In the fair Sunshine of the day,
 Till coming near my *Calia's* sight,
 She felt a strange and unknown light,
 So full of Glory that it made,
 The Mid-day seem a glorious Shade.
 Then this amorous *Fly* became
 My Rival, and did court my Flame :
 From head to bosom she did skip,
 And on her Breast, her Neck, her Lip ;
 Suck'd all the Incense and the Spice,
 And grew the Bird of Paradise.
 At length into her Eye she flew,
 Where scorch'd with flame, and drench'd with dew,
 Like *Phaeton* from the *Sun's* Sphere,
 She fell, and with her drop'd a Tear ;
 Of which a Pearl was straight compos'd,
 Wherein her Ashes lay inclos'd ;
 So she receiv'd from *Calia's* Eye
 Funeral Fire, Tomb, Obsequie.

A Song by Mr. STROWD.

Keepe on your Mask and hide your Eye,
 For with beholding you, I dye.
 Your fatal Beauty *Gorgon* like,
 Dead with astonishment will strike :
 Your piercing Eyes if them I see,
 Are worse then *Basilisks* to me.

Shit

Shut from your Eyes those hills of Snow,
Their melting Valley do not shew,
Those Azure paths lead to despair,
O vex me not, forbear, forbear :
For while I thus in torments dwell,
The sight of Heaven is worse than Hell.

Your dainty Voice and warbling Breath
Sounds like a Sentence past for Death :
Your dangling Tresses are become
Like Instruments of final doom.
O if an Angel torture so
When life is done ! where shall I go ?

A Song in the Commendation of Musick.

When whispering Strains do softly steal,
With creeping Passion through the heart ;
And when at every touch, we feel,
Our Pulse doth beat and bear a part.
When threads can make
A heart-string shake,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our Souls consist of Harmony.
When unto heavenly Joys we fain
What e'er the Soul affecteth most ;
Which only thus we can explain,
By Musick of the winged Hoast,
Whose layes we think
Make Stars to wink :
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our Souls consist of Harmony.

O full

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O lull me, lull me charming Air,
 My Senses rock with wonder sweet,
 Like Snow on Wooll thy fallings are,
 Soft like a Spirit's are thy feet.
 Grief who need fear,
 That hath an Ear;
 Down let him lye,
 And Slumbering dye,
 And change his Soul for Harmony.

A SONG.

O When will *Cupid* shew such Art,
 To strike two Lovers with one Dart:
 I'm Ice to him, or he to me,
 Two Hearts alike there seldom be.

If twice two thousand meet together,
 How scarce one Face is like another?
 If scarce two Faces can agree,
 Two Hearts alike there seldom be.

An Ode to a Friend to hasten him into the
 COUNTRY.

By Mr. Tho. Randolph.

Come spur away,
 I have no patience for a longer stay,
 But must go down,
 And leave the chargeable noise of this Great Town.
 I will the Country see,
 Where old Simplicity,

Though

Though hid in gray
Doth look more gay
Than Foppery in *Plush* and *Scarlet* clad :
Farewel you City Wits that are
Almost at Civil War, (mad.
'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the World grows

More of my days
I will not spend to gain an Ideot's praise,
Or to make sport
For some flight *Puny* of the *Inns* of Court.
Then worthy *Stafford* say,
How shall we spend the day,
With what Delights?
Shorten the Nights !
When from that Tumult we are got secure,
Where Mirth with all his Freedom goes,
Yet shall no Finger lose : (is Pure.
Where every Word is Thought, and every Thought

There from the Tree,
Wee'l *Cherrys* pluck, and pick the *Strawberry* ;
And every day
Go see the wholsom Country Girls make *Hay*,
Whose Brown hath lovelier Grace
Than any painted Face
That I do know
Hyde Park can show ;
Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet,
(Though some of them in greater State,
Might Court my Love with Plate)
The Beauties of *Cheapside*, and Wives of *Lumbardstreet* :

But think upon
Some other pleasures ; these to me are none.
Why do I prate
Of *Women*, that are things against my Fate ?

I never mean to Wed
That Torture to my Bed:
My Muse is she,
My Love shall be.

Let Clowns get Wealth, and Heirs, when I am gon:
And the great Bugbear, (grisly Death)
Shall take this idle Breath,
If I a *Poem* leave, that *Poem* is my Son.

Of this no more,
We'll tast the bright *Pomonas* store;
No Fruits shall 'scape
Our Pallate, from the *Damsen* to the *Grape*:
Then full, we'll seek a Shade,
And hear what Musick's made:
How *Philomel*
Her Tale doth tell,
And how the other Birds do fill the Quire,
The *Thrush* and *Black-Birds* lend their
Warbling Melodious Notes: (Throats,
We will all Sports injoy, which others but desire.

Ours is the Sky,
Whereat what Fowl she please, our *Hawk* shall fly:
Nor will we spare
To Hunt the crafty *Fox*, or timorous *Hare*;
But let our Hounds run loose
In any Ground they'll chuse.
The *Buck* shall fall,
The *Stag* and all;
Our Pleasures must from their own Warrants be:
For to my Muse, if not to me,
I'm sure all Game is free,
Heaven, Earth are all but Parts of her great Royalty.

And when we mean
To tast of *Bacchus* Blessing now and then,

And

And Drink by stealth
 A Cup, or two, to Noble *Berkly's* Health,
 I'll take my Pipe and try
 The *Phrygian* Melody,
 Which he that hears,
 Lets through his Ears,
 A Madness to distemper all the Brain :
 Then I another Pipe will take,
 And *Dorique* Musick make,
 To Civilize with graver Notes, my Wit's a Gain.

On *Mrs. Arabella Hunt* Singing. *Pindarique Ode.* By *Mr. CONGREGVE.*

I.

L Et all be hush'd, each softest Motion cease,
 Be every loud tumultuous Thought at Peace,
 And ev'ry rude Gasp of Breath
 Be calm, as in the Arms of Death.
 And thou most fickle, most uneasie Part,
 Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,
 Be still ; gently, ah gently, leave,
 Thou busie, idle thing, to heave.
 Stir not a Pulse ; and let my *Blood*,
 That turbulent, unruly Flood,
 Be softly stay'd :
 Let me be all, but my Attention, dead.
 Go rest, y' unnecessary Springs of Life,
 Leave your officious Toil and Strife ;
 For I would hear her Voice, and try
 If it be possible to dye.

2.

Come all ye Love-sick Maids and wounded Swains,
 And listen to her Healing Strains.
 A wondrous *Balm*, between her Lips she wears,
 Of

Of Sov'reign Force to soften Cares :
 'Tis piercing as your Thoughts, and melting as
 (your Tears :

And this, through every Ear she does impart,
 (By tuneful *Breath* diffus'd) to ev'ry Heart,
 Swiftly the gentle Charmer Flies,
 And to the tender Grief soft *Air* applies,
 Which, warbling Mystick Sounds,
 Cements the bleeding Panter's Wounds.

But ah ! beware of clam'rous Moan :
 Let no unpleasing Murmur or harsh Groan,
 Your slighted Loves declare :
 Your very tend'rest moving Sighs forbear,
 For even they will be too boistrous here.
 Hither let nought but Sacred *Silence* come,
 And let all sawcy Praise be dumb.

3.
 And lo ! *Silence* himself is here ;
 Methinks I see the Midnight God appear,
 In all its downy Pomp array'd,
 Behold the rev'rend *Shade* :

An ancient Sigh he sits upon,
 Whose Memory of Sound is long since gone,
 And purposely annihilated for his Throne :
 Beneath two soft transparent Clouds do meet,
 In which he seems to sink his softer Feet.
 A melancholy Thought, condens'd to *Air*,
 Stol'n from a Lover in Despair,
 Like a thin Mantle, serves to wrap
 In *Fluid* Folds, his *visionary* Shape.
 A wreath of Darkneſs round his Head he wears,
 Where curling Mists supply the want of Hairs :
 While the still Vapors, which from Poppies rise,
 Bedew his hoary Face, and lull his Eyes.

4.
 But hark ! the heav'nly Sphere turns round,
 And *Silence* now is drown'd
 In Extasy of Sound.

How

How on a suddain the still Air is charm'd,
 As if all Harmony were just alarm'd !
 And ev'ry Soul with Transport fill'd,
 Alternately is Thaw'd and Chill'd.
 See how the Heavenly Choir
 Come flocking, to admire,
 And with what Speed and Care,
 Descending *Angels* call the thinnest *Air* !
 Hasten then, come all th' immortal Throng,
 And listen to her Song ;
 Leave your lov'd Mansions, in the Sky,
 And hither, quickly hither fly ;
 Your Loss of Heav'n, nor shall you need to fear,
 While she sings, 'tis Heav'n here.

5.

See how they crowd, see how the little Cherubs
 While others sit around her Mouth, and sip (skip !
 Sweet Hallelujahs from her Lip.
 Those Lips, where in Surprise of Bliss they rove ;
 For ne'er before were Angels blest
 With such a luscious Feast
 Of Musick and of Love.
 Prepare then, ye immortal Choir,
 Each sacred Minstrel tune his Lyre,
 And with her Voice in Chorus join,
 Her Voice, which next to yours is most divine.
 Bless the glad Earth with heavenly Lays,
 And to that Pitch the eternal *Accents* raise,
 Which only *Breath* inspir'd can reach,
 To Notes, which only she can learn, and you can
 While we, charm'd with the lov'd Excess, (teach.
 Are wrapt in sweet Forgetfulness
 Of all, but of the present Happiness :
 Wishing, for ever in that State to lie,
 For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

What

What art thou, Love!

Written by Mr. J. ALLESTRY.

1.

Charms!

What art thou Love! whence are those
 That thus thou bear'st an Universal Rule!
 For thee the Soldier quits his Arms,
 The King turns Slave, the wise Man Fool.

2.

In vain we chase thee from the Field,
 And with cool thoughts resist thy Yoke:
 Next Tide of Blood, alas! we yield,
 And all those high Resolves are broke.

3.

Can we e're hope thou should'st be true,
 Whom we have found so often base?
 Cozen'd, and cheated, still we view,
 And fawn upon the treacherous Face.

4.

In vain our Nature we accuse;
 And doat, because she says we must:
 This for a Brute were an excuse,
 Whose very Soul and Life is Lust.

5.

To get our likeness! what is that!
 Our likeness is but Misery;

Why

Why should I toil to propagate
Another thing as vile as I?

6.

From Hands Divine our Spirits came,
And Gods, that made us, did inspire
Something more Noble in our Frame,
Above the Dregs of Earthly Fire.

A SONG for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687.

Written by *John Dryden*, Esq; and Com-
pos'd by Mr. *John Baptist Draghi*.

1.

From Harmony, from Heav'nly Harmony
This Universal Frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring Atoms lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise ye more than dead
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And *Musick's* Pow'r obey.
From Harmony, from Heav'nly Harmony
This Universal Frame began :
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.

2.

What Passion cannot *Musick* raise and quell!
When *Fuzl* struck the corded Shell,

His

94 *SONGS and POEMS*

His list'ning Brethren stood around,
And wond'ring, on their Faces fell,
To worship that Coelestial Sound.
Less than a God they thought there cou'd not dwell
Within the hollow of that Shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What Passion cannot *Musick* raise and quell.

3.

The *Trumpet's* loud Clangor
Excites us to Arms,
With shrill Notes of Anger
And mortal Alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thund ring *Drum*
Cries, hark the Foes come ;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

4.

The soft complaining *Flute*
In dying Notes discovers
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling *Lute*.

5.

Sharp *Violins* proclaim
Their jealous Pangs, and Desperation,
Fury, frantick Indignation,
Depth of Pains, and height of Passion,
For the fair, disdainful Dame.

6.

But oh! what Art can teach
What human Voice can reach

The

The sacred Organs praise?
Notes inspiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their Heav'nly ways
To mend the Choirs above.

7.

Orpheus cou'd lead the savage race ;
And Trees unrooted left their place ;
Sequacious of the Lyre :
But bright *C E C I L I A* rais'd the wonder high'r ;
When to her Organ, vocal Breath was giv'n,
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

Grand CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of Sacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the Bless'd above ;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,
The Trumpet shall be heard on high,
The Dead shall live, the Living die,
And Musick shall untune the Sky.

*To his Friend Captain Chamberlaine; In
Love with a Lady he had taken in
an Algerine Prize at Sea.*

*In Allusion to the 4th Ode of Horace,
Lib. the 2d.*

By Mr. YALDEN.

I.

'TIs no disgrace (brave Youth) to own
By a fair Slave you are undone:
Why dost thou blush to hear that Name!
And stifle thus a Generous Flame!
Did not the fair *Briseis* heretofore
With powerful Charms subdue?
What tho' a Captive, still she bore
Those Eyes that Freedom cou'd restore,
And make her haughty Lord, the proud *Achilles*
(bow.

2.

Stern *Ajax*, tho' renown'd in *Arms*,
Did yield to bright *Tecmessa's* Charms:
And all the Laurels he had won,
As Trophies at her Feet were thrown.
When beautiful in tears, he view'd the mourning Fair,
The Hero felt her Power:
Tho' great in Camps, and fierce in War,
Her softer looks he cou'd not bear,
Proud to become her Slave, tho' late her Conqueror

3. When

When *Beauty* in Distress appears,
 An irresistible Charm it bears :
 In every Breast does pity move,
 Pity the tender'st part of Love.
 Amidst his Triumphs great *Atrides* shew'd
 Unto a weeping Maid :
 Tho' *Troy* was by his *Arms* subdu'd,
 And *Greece* the Bloody Trophies view'd,
 Yet at a Captive's feet the imploring Victor laid.

4.

Think not, thy Charming Maid can be
 Of a base Stock, a mean Degree :
 Her *shape*, her *Air*, her every Grace,
 A more than *Vulgar Birth* confess.
 Yes, yes my Friend, with *Royal Blood* she's great,
 Sprung from some Monarch's Bed :
 Now mourns her Family's hard Fate,
 Her mighty Fall, and abject State,
 And her Illustrious Race conceals with Noble Pride.

5.

Ah think not an Ignoble House !
 Cou'd such a Heroine produce :
 Nor think such generous sprightly *Blood*,
 Cou'd flow from the corrupted Crowd.
 But view her Courage, her undaunted Mind,
 And Soul with Vertues crown'd :
 Where dazling Int'rest cannot blind,
 Nor Youth, nor Gold admittance find,
 But still her Honour's fix'd, and Vertue keeps its
 (Ground.

6.

View well her great Majestick *Air*,
 And modest Looks Divinely Fair :

F

Too

Too bright for Fancy to improve,
 And worthy of thy Noblest Love.
 But yet suspect not thy officious Friend,
 All jealous thoughts remove:
 Tho' I with Youthful heat commend,
 For Thee I all my Wishes send,
 And if she makes Thee blest, 'tis all I ask of Love.

To a Lady of Quality Playing on the Lute.

By Mr. P R I O R.

WHat Charms you have, from what high
 Race you sprung,
 Have been the Subject of our Daring Song;
 But when you pleas'd to shew the lab'ring Muse
 What greater Theams your Musick could produce;
 Our Babling Praises we repeat no more,
 But hear, rejoyce, stand silent, and adore.

The *Persons* thus, first gazing on the Sun,
 Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone;
 But, as his Pow'r was known, *their Thoughts* were
 (rais'd,
 And soon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd.

Eliza's Glory lives in *Spencer's* Song,
 And *Cowley's* Verse keeps fair *Orinda* young:
 That you in *Beauty*, and in *Birth* excel,
 The Muse might dictate, and the Poet tell;
 Your *Art*, no other *Art* can speak, and you,
 To shew how well you play, must play anew:
 Your Musick's pow'r your Musick must disclose,
 For what Light is, 'tis only Light that shows.
 Strange force of Harmony that thus Controuls
 Our inmost Thoughts, and sanctifies our Souls:

Whilst

Whilst with its utmost *Art* your Sex could move
 Our Wonder only, or at best our Love.
 You far beyond both these your God did please,
 That your high power might worldly thoughts
 destroy,
 That with your Numbers you our Zeal might raise,
 And, like himself, Communicate your Joy.

When to your Native Heaven you shall repair,
 And with your Presence Crown the Blessings there;
 Your Lute may wind its strings but little higher,
 To tune their Notes to that Immortal Quire.
 Your *Art* is perfect here, your Numbers do
 More than our *Books*, made the rude *Archieft* know }
 That there's a Heaven, by what he hears below. }

As in some Piece, whilst *Luke* his Skill express,
 A Cunning *Angel* came and drew the rest.
 So, whilst you play, some Godhead does impart
 Harmonious aid, Divinely helps your *Art*;
 Some Cherub finishes what you begun,
 And to a Miracle improves a Tune.

To burning *Rome* when frantick *Nero* play'd,
 Viewing your Face, no more he had survey'd
 The reigning flames, but struck with strange surprize;
 Confess 'em less than those of *Anna's* Eyes.
 But, had he heard thy Lute, he soon had found
 His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd;
 Thine, like *Amphion's* Hand had rais'd the Stone,
 And from Destruction call'd a Fairer Town;
 Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield,
 Nor could he buru so fast, as thou couldst Build.

*The Character of a Good PARSON.**Imitated from Chaucer, and Inlarg'd**By Mr. DRYDEN.*

A Parish-Priest was of the Pilgrim Train,
 An Awful, Reverend, and Religious Man.
 His Eyes diffus'd a Venerable Grace,
 And Charity it self was in his Face.
 Rich was his Soul, though his Attire was Poor,
 (As God had Cloath'd his own Embassador)
 For such on Earth his blest'd Redgemer bore.
 Of Sixty Years he seem'd ; and well might last
 To Sixty more, but that he liv'd to fast :
 Refin'd himself to Soul, to curb the Sense,
 And made almost a Sin of Abstinence.
 Yet had his Aspect nothing of Severe,
 But such a Face as promis'd him Sincere.
 Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see,
 But sweet Regards, and pleasing Sanctity :
 Mild was his Accent, and his Action free.
 With Eloquence innate, his Tongue was arm'd :
 Tho' harsh the Precept yet the Preacher charm'd.
 For letting down the Golden Chain from high,
 He drew his Audience upward to the Sky ;
 And oft with holy Hymns, he charm'd their Ears :
 A Musick more Melodious than the Spheres.
 For David left him, when he went to rest,
 His Lyre, and after him he Sung the best.
 He bore his great Commission in his Look ;
 But sweetly temper'd awe and soften'd all he spoke.
 He Preach'd the Joys of Heav'n, and Pains of Hell.
 And warn'd the Sinner with becoming Zeal.
 But on Eternal Mercy lov'd to Dwell.

He

He taught the Gospel rather than the Law;
And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to draw:
For Fear but freezes Minds; but Love, like Heat,
Exhales the Soul sublime, to seek her Native Seat.
To threats, the stubborn Sinner oft is hard,
Wrap'd in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd:
But, when the milder Beams of Mercy play,
He melts, and throws his comb'rous Cloak away.
Lightnings and Thunder (Heav'n's Artillery)
As Harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Those, but proclaim his Style, and disappear;
The stiller Sound succeeds, and God is there.
The Tythes his Parish freely paid, he took,
But never Su'd, or Curs'd with Bell and Book;
With Patience bearing Wrong, but off'ring none,
Since every Man is free to lose his own.
The Country Churles, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their Dues, and love to-be behind)
The less he sought his Off'rings, pinch'd the more,
And prais'd a Priest, contented to be Poor.
Yet of his little, he had some to spare,
To feed the Famish'd, and to cloath the Bare.
For mortify'd he was, to that degree,
A poorer than himself he wou'd not see.
True Priests he said, and Preachers of the Word,
Were only Stewards of their Sovereign Lord;
Nothing was Theirs but all the publick Store:
Intrusted Riches, to Relieve the Poor.
Who, shou'd they steal, for want of his Relief,
He judg'd himself Accomplice with the Thief.
Wide was his Parish; not contracted close
In Streets, but here and there a straggling House.
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick; to succour the distress'd:
Tempting on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark, tempestuous Night.
All this, the good old Man perform'd alone,
Nor spar'd his pains, for Curate he had none.

Nor durst he trust another with his Care,
 Nor rode himself to *Pauls*, the publick Fair,
 To Chaffer for Preferment with his Gold;
 Where Bishopricks, and Sinecures are sold:
 But duly watch'd his Flock, by night and day;
 And from the prowling *Wolf*, redeem'd the prey,
 And hungry sent the wily *Fox* away. }
 The Proud he tam'd, the Penitent he chear'd;
 Nor to rebuke the rich Offender fear'd.
 His Peaching much, but more his Practice wrought,
 (A living Sermon of the Truths he taught)
 For this by Rules severe, his Life he squar'd:
 That all might see the Doctrine which they heard.
 The Priests, he said, are Patterns for the rest:
 (The Gold of Heav'n, who bear the God Impres'd:)
 But when the precious Coin is kept unclean,
 The Sovereign's Image is no longer seen.
 If they be foul, on whom the Poople trust,
 Well may the baser Brass contract a rust.
 The *Prelate*, for his holy life he priz'd;
 The worldly Pomp of *Prelacy* despis'd.
 His Saviour came not with a gawdy show;
 Nor was his Kingdom of the World below.
 Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind,
 These Marks of Church and Churchman he }
 design'd,
 And living taught, and dying left behind.
 The Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn;
 In Purple he was Crucify'd, not Born.
 They who contend for Place and high Degree,
 Are not his Sons, but those of *Zebadee*.
 Nor but he knew the Signs of Earthly Pow'r,
 Might well become St. *Peter's* Successor.
 The Holy Father holds a double Reign, (Plain.
 The Prince may keep his Pomp, the Fisher must be
 Such was the *Saint*, who strove with every Grace:
 Reflecting *Moses*-like, his Maker's Face.

God saw his Image lively was express'd;
 And his own Work, as in Creation blest'd.
 The Tempter saw him too with envious Eye;
 And as on *Job*, demanded leave to try.
 He took the time when *Richard* was Depos'd;
 And High and Low, with happy *Harry* clos'd.
 This Prince, tho' great in Arms, the Priest withstood:
 Near, tho' he was, yet not the next of Blood.
 Had *Richard* unconstrain'd, resign'd the Throne:
 A King can give no more than is his own:
 The Title stood entail'd, had *Richard* had a Son.
 Conquest, an odious Name, was laid aside,
 Where all submitted; none the Battle try'd.
 The senseless plea of Right by Providence,
 Was, by a Flatt'ring Priest, invented since;
 And lasts no longer than the present sway;
 And justifies the next who comes in play.
 The Peoples Right remains; let those who dare,
 Dispute their power, when they the Judges are.
 He join'd not in their Choice, because he knew
 Worse might, and often did from Change ensue.
 Much to himself he thought, but little spoke;
 And undepriv'd his Benefice forsook.
 Now, through the Land, his cure of Sculs he
 And like a Primitive *Apostle* Preach'd: (stretch'd,
 Still chearful, ever constant to his call;
 By many follow'd, lov'd by most, admir'd by all.
 With what he Beg'd, his Brethren he Reviv'd,
 And gave the Charities himself receiv'd.
 Gave, while he taught, and edify'd the more,
 Because he shew'd by proof, 'twas Ease to be Poor.
 He went not with the Crowd, to see a Shrine,
 But fed us by the way, with Food Divine.
 In deference to his Vertues I forbear
 To shew you, what the rest in Orders were:
 This *Brilliant* is so spotless, and so bright, (Lights
 He needs no Foyl, but shines by his own proper

*The Monument of a Maiden L A D Y,
Who Dy'd at the Bath, and is there Interr'd.*

Below this Marble Monument, is laid
All that Heav'n wants of this *Cælestial Maid*.
A Soul so calm, it knew not Ebbs or Flows,
Which Passion could but Curl; not Discompose,
A Female Softness, with a Manly Mind :
A Daughter Duteous, and a Sister Kind :
In Sicknes Patient, and in Death Refign'd. }

Great, Good, and Just, could I but rate
My Grief, and Thy too rigid Fate,
I'd Weep the World to such a Strain,
That it should Deluge once again.
But since thy loud tongu'd Blood demands Supplies,
More from *Bryareus* Hands, than *Argus's* Eyes ;
I'll sing thy *Obsequies* with *Trumpets* Sounds,
And Write thy *Epitaph* in *Blood* and *Wounds*.

*Optime justorum Princeps quoq; maxime Regum,
Si tua pro Meritis Fata cruenta fleam,
Terra meis lachrymis fufis foret ipsa sub undas,
Ut redeant Veteres Deucalionis aquæ.
Sed quia Suppetias possit Tibi gloria Mortis,
Non Oculis, manibus funera flere juvat,
Buccia rauca canet tua funera Marte feroci,
Vulneribus Gladius Scripter et ultor erit.*

A Song by Mr. D^r U R F E Y.

1.

Musing on Cares of Humane Fate,
 In a sad *Cypress Grove* ;
 A strange Dispute I heard of late,
 'Twixt *Virtue*, *Fame*, and *Love*.
 A pensive Shepherd ask'd advice,
 And their *Opinions* crav'd
 How he might hope to be so Wise,
 To get a Place beyond the Skies,
 And how he might be Sav'd ?

2.

Nice *Virtue* Preach'd Religion's Laws,
 Paths to Eternal Rest ;
 To fight his King's, and Country's Cause,
Fame counsell'd him was best :
 But *Love* oppos'd their noisy Tongues,
 And thus their Votes out-brav'd ;
 Get, get a Mistress, Fair, and Young,
 Love fiercely, constantly, and long,
 And then thou shalt be Sav'd.

Chorus.

Swift as a Thought, the amorous Swain
 To *Sylvia's* Cottage flies ;
 In soft Expressions told her plain
 The way to Heavenly Joys.
 She, who with *Piety* was Stor'd,
 Delays no longer crav'd,
 Charm'd by the God whom they ador'd,
 She Smil'd and took him at his Word,
 And thus they both were Sav'd.

A SONG.

1.

Whilst *Cynthia* Sung, all angry Wings lay still ;
 And *Zephyrus* with a gentle Gale,
 Did softly swell the trembling Sail;
Cynthia, whose Voice, as well as Eyes, can kill :
 Charm'd with the Magick of her Tongue,
 The wanton Waters danc'd along ;
 Each little Billow strove to stay,
 Tho' Nature forced it away :
 Precedent Waves then following, Ride,
 And all together blame the Tide.

2.

From Rosie Mouth she breath'd the perfum'd Sound ;
 The mournful *Antick Philomel*,
 Ne're did warble half so well ;
 Whilst mocking *Eccho's* babble it around.
 Ne're in so sweet a Tune as this,
 Upon the Banks of *Thamesis*,
 Did Silver *Swans*, about to dye,
 Grace their mournful Elegy :
 Dear *Cynthia*, they're excell'd by you,
 In Sweetness, and in Fairness too.

A S O N G.

1.

LET the Vain Spark consume his Store,
In keeping an expensive Whore,
For others to employ :
For all those Snares, and Baits he pays,
Which he for other Gallants lays,
And he must least enjoy.

2.

Keep Whores then, as Perfumes you wear,
Of which, your selves have the least share,
Of others Claps partake :
Your Bodies bring to the Surgeon's hands,
And to the Scriv'ners all your Lands,
And give her your last Stake.

3.

While with Reason we bless the Fate
That brings us to the Marriage-State,
The only happy Life :
The chief Enjoyment of a King,
No Wealth nor Pow'r such Joy can bring,
As does a Wife, a tender Wife.

4.

There can be no Friend beside,
So soft does Interest divide,
But they are so conjoyn'd
By this most Sacred Rite are grown,
That they are not one Flesh alone,
But they are both one Mind.

A S O N G.

1.

IF mighty Wealth, that gives the Rules
To vicious Men, and cheated Fools,
Could but preserve me in the Prime
Of blooming Youth, and purchase Time;
Then I wou'd covet Riches too,
And scrape, and cheat as others do :
That when the Minister of Fate,
Pale *Death* was knocking at the Gate,
I'd send him loaded back with Coyn,
A Bribe of richer Dust than mine.
But since that Life must slide away,
And *Wealth* can't purchase one poor Day;
Why should my Cares increase my Pain,
And wast my time, with Sighs, in Vain ?

2.

Since Riches cannot Life supply,
It is a useless Poverty.
Swift Time that can't be bought to stay,
I'll strive to glide the gentlest way.
With chearful Friends brisk Wine shall pass,
And drown a Care in every Glass:
Sometimes diverted with *Love's* Charms,
The Circle made by *Celia's* Arms.

A S O N G.

I.

IN Courts, *Ambition* kills the Great ;
 In Cities strive for needless Gain ;
 Some do in Battels meet their Fate,
 But I by *Love*, by *Love* am Slain:
Phaeton by Thunder dy'd,
Prometheus by the Vultures Pain :
 This doom'd for Stealth, and that for Pride,
 But I by *Love*, by *Love* am Slain.

2.

Let noisy desperate Fools be brave,
 And build up Trophies to the Sky ;
 My only Wish, ye Gods, I have,
 When at *Clorinda's* feet I dye:
 When I, like some, to greatness born,
 To Fame, and Empire rais'd up high ;
 That Fame, that Empire I wou'd scorn,
 And at *Clorinda's* Feet wou'd dye.

A S O N G.

WHere art thou, God of Dreams! for whose soft
 The best of Mankind ever does complain?
 Since they affect to be,
 Thy Captives before Liberty,
 Unkind, and disobliging Deity:
 He flies from Princes, and from Lovers Eyes,
 Yet every Night with the poor Shepherd lyes.

Shew

Shew thy self now a God, and take some care
 Of the Distress'd, Innocent and Fair;
 To rest, to rest dispose,
 The pity'd Maid her Eye-lids close,
 Gently as Evening-Dews shut up the Rose:
 Then bear in Silent Whispers in her Ear,
 Such pleasing Words, as Virgins love to hear.

A Song by Mr. OLDHAM.

Fill me a Boul, a mighty Boul,
 Large as my capacious Soul;
 Vast as my Thirst is, let it have
 Depth enough to be my Grave;
 I mean, the Grave of all my Care,
 For I design to bury't there,
 Fill me a Boul, &c.
 Let it of Silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of Wine, worthy of Me;
 Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
 As that bright Cup amongst the Stars.
 Fill me a Boul, &c.

A Song by Sir George Etheridge.

I.

Cease anxious World, your fruitless pain,
 To grasp forbidden Store;
 Your study'd Labours shall prove vain,
 Your *Alchemy* unblest;
 Whilst Seeds of far more precious Ore
 Are ripned in my Breast.

2. My

2.

My Braſt, the Forge of happier Love,
 Where my *Lucinda* lies;
 And therich Stock does ſo improve,
 As ſhe her Art imployes;
 That every Smile, and Touch ſhe gives,
 Turns all to Golden Joys.

3.

Since ^hten we can ſuch Treasures raiſe,
 Let's no Expence reſuſe;
 In Love let's lay out all our Days,
 How can we e'er be poor?
 When every Bleſſing that we uſe,
 Begets a thouſand more.

A S O N G.

^d
A Miſt the Shades, and cool reſreſhing Streams,
 Where Lovers eaſe their panting Hearts in
 Poor *Damon* lay; (Dreams,
 His Grief, ſo ſadly printed in his Face,
 His Looks diſturb'd the Pleaſures of the Place:
 In hollow Notes he Sung his wretched Fate,
 His hopeleſs Love, and his *Aminta's* Hate;
 The trembling Birds about him throng,
 Liſten, and murmur at his Song
 Which hindred their ſweet Strains ſo long;
 But ſtreight with charming Notes,
 They ſtretch their warbling Throats;
 And all with one Conſent, and Voice,
 Invite the Shepherd to reſoyce:
 But ſtreight with charming Notes, &c.

But

But what can his sad Soul inspire,
 His Heart so much by Grief oppress'd ?
 A sigh (alas) breaks from his Breast ;
 Which frights the harmles's Birds,
 And damps the chearful Quire.

A Song by Collonel Salisbury.

How have I serv'd, how Just or True,
 I need appeal to none but You ;
 For all my Thoughts from you took Birth,
 My Soul *Divinity* on Earth :
 Nor does a Wish, which upward flies,
 Petition from Heavens Deities
 Ought but to fall your much-lov'd *Sacrifice*.
 When tongue-griev'd Accents can no more impart,
 And Sighs lament expiring Heart ;
 When anguish'd Soul in strong Convulsion lyes,
 And rapid Tears o'erflowing melting Eyes ;
 Then, *Clariana*, you will find, and grieve,
 A fleeting Life no Power can retrieve ;
 Nor gain from *Fate*, a Moment of Reprieve.

Chorus.

So gently glide my Soul, that thou may'st be
 Translated to Eternity,
 To meet those Joys for faithful *Loves* assign'd ;
 With full swoln Bliss, and knotty Cares un-
 bind,
 And leave the Torments of the World behind.

A Song on- INGRATITUDE,
By Mr. COWLEY.

I Little thought, thou fond ungrateful Sin!
 When first I let thee in,
 And gave thee but a part
 In my unwary Heart;
 I little thought, that thou would e'er have grown,
 So false, or strong, to make it all thine own:
 At my own Breast, with care I fed thee still,
 Letting thee suck thy fill;
 And daintily I nourish'd thee,
 With idle Thoughts, and Poetry!
 What ill returns do'st thou allow?
 I fed thee then, and thou do'st starve me now.
 There was a time, when thou wast cold and chill,
 Nor hadst thou pow'r of doing ill,
 Into my Bosom did I take,
 This frozen and benumbed Snake,
 Not fearing from it any harm;
 But now it stings that Breast which made it warm.
 What cursed Weed's this *Love*! but one Grain sow,
 And the whole Field 'twill overgrow;
 Streight will it choak up, and devour
 Each wholsom Herb, and beauteous Flow'r;
 Nay, unless something soon I do,
 'Twill kill, I fear, my very Laurel too.
 But now all's gon, I now, alas! complain,
 Declare, protest, and threat in vain;
 Since by my unforc'd consent,
 The Traytor has my Government,
 And is so settl'd in the Throne,
 That 'twere Rebellion now, to claim mine own.

A Song by Sir George Etheridge.

1.

IN some kind Dream upon her Slumbers steal,
 And to *Lucinda* all I beg, reveal ;
 Breath gentlest words into her Ears,
 Words full of Love, but full of Fears,
 Such words as may prevail,
 Like Pray'rs from a poor dying Martyr's Tongue,
 By the sweet Voice of Pity Sung.

2.

Touch with the Voice the more enchanting Lute,
 To make the Charms strike all Repulses mute :
 These may insensibly impart,
 My tender Wishes to her Heart,
 And, by a Sympathetick part,
 So tune its Strings to *Loves* discourse ;
 That when my Griefs compel a Groan,
 Her sighs may Eccho to my Moan.

A S O N G*By the Honourable Sir Robert Howard.*

When I Drink, my Heart is possess'd
 With a Joy that slides through my Breast ;
 My Thoughts and my Fancy grow fir'd,
 By the Wine, not the Muses inspir'd ;
 My Cares grow becalm'd when I drink,
 And down with the Stream they all sink.

The

The God I enjoy with the Wine,
 And my Humour grows more Divine;
 Like *Bacchus*, with fresh Roses crown'd,
 The fragrant *Odours* stealing round:
 Thus I triumph above all Strife,
 And Sing the sweetness of this Life.
 When I drink with Glasses full charg'd,
 My Spirits grow free, and enlarg'd,
 Among Troops of Beauties I play,
 And rais'd above Thoughts of decay.
 When I drink, I sing the soft Charms
 Of *Venus*, and clasp in my Arms
 My Mistress, who then seems to me
 A Goddess too, as bright as she.
 When I drink, th' advantage I find,
 From Troubles to shelter my Mind;
 This is the Blessing alone,
 That we that live can call our own.
 You that seek more, tell me but why,
 Since all alike must one day dye?

A S O N G

By *GEORGE GRANVILLE*, Esq;

Tune thy Harmonious *Lyre*, begin my *Muse*;
 What Nymph, what Queen, what Goddess
 shall we chuse?
 Whose Praise shall we Sing? What Charmers name
 Transmit Immortal down to Fame?
 Strike, strike thy Strings, let *Eccho* take a part,
 And bear it far to all the Mountains round:
Pindus again shall hear, again rejoyce,
 And *Hæmus* too, when the *Inchanting Voice*
 Of tuneful *Orpheus* charm'd the Grove,
 Taught Oaks to Dance, and made the Cedars move.
 Not

116 SONGS and POEMS

Not *Venus* or *Diana* will we name,
Mira, is *Venus*, and *Diana* too ;
 All that was feign'd of them, apply'd to her, is true.
 Then Sing, my *Muse*, let *Mira* be our Theme :
 As when the Shepherds do their Garland make,
 They search, with pains, the fragrant Meadows round,
 And only here, and there the choicest Flowers take,
 With which some Nymph is Crown'd .
 In framing *Mira* so Divinely Fair,
 Nature has taken equal Care ;
 All that is Lovely, Noble, Good, we see,
 All Beauteous *Mira*, all bound up in thee :
 Where *Mira* is, there is the Queen of Love,
 Th' *Arcadian* Pastures, and the *Cyprian* Grove ;
 When *Mira* walks, so charming is her Mien,
 In every Moment, every Grace is seen ;
 When *Mira* speaks, so just's the Sense, and strong,
 So sweet a Voice, 'tis like the *Muses* Song :
 Place me on Mountains of Eternal Snow,
 Where all is Ice, all Winter Winds that blow ;
 Or cast me underneath the burning Line,
 Where everlasting Sun does shine ;
 Where all is scorch'd, whatever you decree,
 Ye Gods, wherever I shall be,
Mira shall still be lov'd, and still ador'd by Me.

A Dialogue between Thirsis and Dorinda.

Dorinda.

Vhen Death shall part us from these Kids,
 And shut up our divided Lids,
 Tell me *Thirsis*, prithee do,
 Whither Thou and I shall go ?

Thirsis.

To the *Elizium*.

Do

Dorinda.

Oh ! Where is't ?

Thirsis.

A chaste Soul can never miss't.

Dorinda.

I know no way but one, our Home
Is our Cell, *Elizium* ?

Thirsis.

Turn thine Eyes to yonder Sky,
There the Milky-way doth lye ;
'Tis a sure, but rugged way,
That leads to Everlasting Day.

Dorinda.

There Birds may nest, but how shall I,
That have no Wings, and cannot Fly !

Thirsis.

Do not sigh, fair Nymph, for Fire
Has no Wings, yet doth aspire,
Till it hit against the Pole :
Heaven's the Center of the Soul.

Dorinda.

But in *Elizium*, how do they
Pass Eternity away ?

Thirsis.

Oh ! There is neither Hope nor Fear ;
There is no Wolf, nor Fox, or Bear ;
No need of Dog to fetch our Stray,
Our *Light-foot* we may give away .
No Oar-pipe needful there ; our Ears
May sleep with Musick of the Spheres.

Dorinda.

Dorinda.

Oh sweet ! how I my future State,
By silent Thinking antedate !
I prithee let us spend our time to come
In talking of *Elizium*.

Thirsis.

Then I'll go on, there Sheep are full
Of sweetest Grass, and softest Wool :
There Birds sing Consorts, Garlands grow ;
Cool Winds do whisper, Springs do flow :
There always is a Rising-Sun,
And Day is ever but begun :
Shepherds there bear an equal sway,
And ev'ry Nymph's a Queen of *May*.

Dorinda.

Ah me!

Thirsis.

Dorinda! why do'st cry ?

Dorinda.

I'm Sick, I'm Sick, and fain wou'd dye.
Convince me now that this is true,
By bidding with me all adieu.

Thirsis.

I cannot live without Thee, I,
I'll for Thee, much more with Thee, dye.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Then let us give *Clorillo* charge o' th' Sheep,
And Thou, and I'll pick Poppies, and them Steep
In Wine, and drink on't even till we weep;
So shall we smoothly pass away in Sleep.

A Song by Collonel OUSLEY.

O Love, that stronger art than *Wine* !
Pleasing Delusion, Witchery Divine ;
Wont to be priz'd above all Wealth,
Disease that has more Joys than Health :
Tho' we blaspheme thee in our pain,
And of thy Tyranny complain,
We all are better'd by thy Reign;
What Reason never can bestow,
We to this useful passion owe.
Love wakes the Dull from sluggish ease,
And learns a Clown the Art to please;
Humbles the Vain, kindles the Cold,
Makes Misers free, and Cowards bold :
'Tis she reforms the Sot from Drink,
And teaches airy Fops to think,
When full brute Appetite is fed,
And choak'd the Glutton lyes, and dead;
Thou new Spirit do'st dispence,
And fine the gross delights of Sence ;
Vertue's unconqu'able aid,
That against Nature can persuade,
And make a roving Mind retire
Within the Bounds of just Desire;
Chearer of age, Youth's kind unrest,
And half the Heav'n of the Blest.

3

A

A DIALOGUE *betwixt*
Love and Despair.

Despair.

Hence, fond Deceiver! hence, be gon!
Hence, and some tamer Captive find;
Since *Hope*, thy best Companion's flown away,
Why ling'rest thou behind?
Naked at first, and blind thou wert,
Till blinder, I allow'd thee part,
In my unweary hospitable Heart;
But now thou'rt so unruly grown,
You needs will make it all your own,
And in my Vanquish'd Breast will Tyrannize alone.

Love.

Cease poor mistaken Wretch, and know
I'll seek some braver, nobler Breast;
To some more generous Heart I'll go,
That will not blush to own its Guest;
Blind tho' I was, my aim was sure,
Yet won't thy Coward Heart endure
The happy Wound, nor wait the happier Cure.

Despair.

Too long have I endur'd the Wound,
Too long indulg'd the raging Pain,
Till I by sad Experience found
The Wound too sure, the Wound too vain:
Then mighty *Love*, for such thou art,
Withdraw thy fatal certain Dart;

Or

Or else to both a mutual Flame impart,
And warm *Dorinda's* breast, as thou hast fir'd my
(Heart.

Love

If then thou would'st victorious prove,
And with success thy wishes Crown,
With bold assurance speak thy Love,
And make thy generous Passion known;
When Beauty calls to whine and die,
Is Cowardize not Modesty?
You by pale asking teach her to deny,
And by your faint pursuit encourage her to fly:
In vain fond Lovers in vain,
Of your *Phyllis's* scorn you complain;
In vain do you talk and of Fire,
Sigh languishment and expire,
Since the Nymph dares not grant what you dare
(not desire; }
Whilst the brisk eager Lover at his Prey boldly flies,
And takes the glad Captive by welcome surprize.

G

A SONG.

A SONG.

1.

DAME Fortune if thou want'st a guide,
I'll tell thee how thou maist divide,
Distribute unto each his due,
Justice is Blind and so are you.

2.

To the Usurer this doom impart,
May's Scrivener break, and then his Heart.
His Debtors unto beggary fall,
Or what's as bad turn Courtiers all.

3.

Unto Tradesmen that sell too dear,
A long vacation all the Year!
Revenge us thus on their deceits,
And send them Wives, light, as their Weights.

4.

And lest the Players should grow poor,
Send them Aglaura's more and more,
Unto the Puritans more Ears,
Than *Ceres* in her Garland wears.

5.

But Fortune how canst recompence,
The French mens daily insolence?
For them I know no greater pain,
Then to be sent to *France* again.

6.

To the Physician (if you please)
Send him another new disease,
And give to Scholars (if thou canst do't)
A Benefice without a suit.

7.

To Court, Lords great Monopolies,
And to the Wives Communities,
So Fortune shalt thou please them all,
When Lords do rise and Ladies fall.

8. Unto

CANT. II.

1.
SI Duce (fors) indigeas,
 Instruam te ut dividas,
 Suum Cuiq; tribue,
 Cæcutis par Fustitiæ.

2.
 Hoc Fatum habet Creditor,
 Rupto Scriba, Rumpatur Cor,
 Sint Debitores mendici!
 Aut Saltem fiant Aulici.

3.
 Illis qui vendunt nimio,
 Annalib; sit vacatio!
 Uxores sint pro fraudibus,
 Leves, æquæ ponderibus.

4.
 Et ne vilescat Histrion,
 Aglauras plures addito,
 Tot aures da Fanaticis,
 Quot sunt aristæ Cereris!

5.
 Et quali pæna rependas,
 Gallorum insolentias?
 Tam gravem novi non aliam,
 Quam transmitti in Galliam.

6.
 (Si placet) & ad medicum,
 Mittas morbum novitium.
 (Si potes) des Scholaribus,
 Vicariam, sine Litibus.

7.
 Magnates sint monopola!
 Uxores & Publicolæ!
 Sic fors placebis omnibus,
 Eis Altis, His Facientibus.

G 2

8. Et

8.

Unto the Lawyers (I beseech)
 As much for silence as for speech,
 To Ladies Ushers strength of Back,
 And to my self a cup of Sack.

A S O N G.

CHEVY-CHASE. *By Order of the
 Bishop of London.*

1.

G O D prosper long our Noble King,
 our lives and safetes all,
 A woful hunting once there did
 in *Chevy-Chase* befall.

2.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
 Earl *Percy* took his way;
 The child may rue that is unborn
 the hunting of that day.

3.

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*
 a vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the *Scottish Woods*
 three Summers days to take,

4.

The chiefeft Harts in *Chevy-Chase*
 to kill and bear away;
 These tidings to Earl *Douglas* came,
 in *Scotland*, where he lay.

5.

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present word,
 he would prevent his Sport:
 The *Englisk* Earl, not fearing this,
 did to the Woods resort.

6. With

Et quantum das Caufidico,
Da tantum pro silentio,
Vim Dorfi præambulonibus,
Ac mihi vinum Potibus.

C A N T.

Lucus Chevinus, Jussu Episcopi Londi-
nensis.

^{1.}
Vivat Rex noster nobilis,
Omnis in tuto sit,
Venatus, olim flebilis,
Chevino Luco sit.

^{2.}
Cane, feras ut abigas,
Percæus abiit,
Vel embryo elugeat,
Quod hodie accidit.

^{3.}
Comes ille Northumbriæ,
Votum vovit Deo,
Lusus, in sylvis Scotiæ
Habere triduo.

^{4.}
E primis Cervis Cheviæ,
Cæsos abripere,
Duglasium, hæ notitiæ.
Adibant propere.

^{5.}
Qui ore tenus delegat,
Se Ludum perdere,
At Percæus non hæsitat
Ad sylvas tendere.

G 3

6. Quia

6.

With fifteen hundred Bowe-men bold,
 all chosen men of might,
 Who knew full well in time of need
 to aim their Shafts aright.

7.

The gallant Grey-hound swiftly ran,
 to chase the fallow Deer;
 On *Monday* they began to hunt,
 when day-light did appear.

8.

And long before high-noon they had
 an hundred fat Bucks slain:
 Then having din'd, the Drovers went
 to rouse them up again.

9.

The Bow-men mustred on the Hills,
 well able to endure;
 Their back-sides all with special care
 that day were guarded sure.

10.

The Hounds ran swiftly through the Woods,
 the nimble Deer to take;
 And with their cries the hills and dales
 an Eccho shrill did make.

11.

Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
 to view the tender Deer:
 Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised
 this day to meet me here.

12.

But if I thought he would not come,
 no longer would I stay.
 With that a brave young Gentleman
 thus to the Earl did say.

13.

Lo, yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
 his men in Armour bright,

Full

6.

Quin genis ter teliferis,
Virtutis bellicæ
Qui norunt, rebus arduis,
Sagittas mittere.

7.

Curritur a Venatico,
Damas propellere,
Die Lunæ diluculo,
Ad rem accingunt se.

8.

Centumq; Cervi sunt Cæsi,
Ante meridiem,
Tunc redeunt, Cibis impleri
Ad venationem.

9.

De monte sagittarii
Apti militia,
Proderunt Armarii,
Hodie a Tergore.

10.

Per sylvas celerant Canes,
Ut Cervos capiant;
Ac simul montes, & valles
Latrata resonant.

11.

Fædinam comes adiit,
Berinam visere,
Duglas minatus est (inquit)
Hic mecum affore.

12.

Congressum autem desperans,
Mora non dabitur,
Quo dicto, Tyro Elegans,
Illum alloquitur.

13.

En! En Duglasius eminus!
Armis cum splendidis,

G 4.

Bis

128 SONGS and POEMS

Full twenty hundred *Scotish* Spears,
all Marching in our fight.

14.

All men of pleasant *Trivdale*,
fast by the River *Tweed*,
Then cease your sport Earl *Piercy* said,
and take your Bowes with speed,

15.

And now with me, my Country-men,
your courage forth advance:
For never was there Champion yet
in *Scotland* or in *France*.

16.

That ever did on Horse-back come,
but if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
with him to break a Spear.

17.

Earl *Douglas* on a milk-white Steed,
most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company,
whose Armour shone like Gold.

18.

Shew me, he said, whose men you be
that hunt so boldly here,
That without my consent do chase
and kill my fallow Deer.

19.

The man that first did answer make
was Noble *Piercy*, he,
Who said, We list not to declare,
nor shew whose men we be.

20.

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
the chiefest Harts to slay,
Then *Douglas* swore a solemn Oath,
and thus in rage did say ;

*Bis mille cum militibus,
Visui obuiis.*

14.

*Cunctis de valle Trivia,
Ad Ripas Tuæsis,
Ludos (ait) intermittite,
Arcubus habitis.*

15.

*Et vobis, nunc, O nostratis,
Tollatur animus;
Haud præsto fuit Athletæ,
Gallus vel Scoticus.*

16.

*Mihi, Equestris Obuius
Quin postulante re,
Eocum vellem Cominus,
Vi, hasti-ludere.*

17.

*Equifessor Duglasius,
Audax ille Baro,
Præfuit aliis omnibus,
Aurato Clipeo.*

18.

*Cujates (ait) ostendite,
Hic ausi pellerè,
Ac, me invito, impete
Feras Occidere.*

19.

*Qui primus verbum ededit,
Percæus nomine,
Qui sumus (ait) non libuit,
Vobis ostendere.*

20.

*At sanguinem absumentes,
Servos destruere;
Juravit, tunc Duglasius,
Dixitque temere.*

21.

E'r thus I will out-braved be,
 one of us two shall die :
 I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
 Lord *Peircy*, so am I.

22.

But, trust me *Peircy*, pity it were,
 and great offence, to kill
 Any of these our harmless men,
 for they have done no ill.

23.

Let thou and I the Battle try,
 and set our men aside :
 Accurst be he, Lord *Peircy* said,
 by whom it is deny'd.

24!

Then stept a gallant 'Squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
 Who said, he would not have it told
 to *Henry* our King, for shame,

25.

That e'r my Captain fought on foot,
 and I stood looking on ;
 You be two Earls, said *Witherington*,
 and I a Squire alone.

26,

I'll do the best that do I may,
 while I have pow'r to stand
 While I have pow'r to weild my Sword
 I'll fight with heart and hand.

27.

Our *English* Archers bent their Bows,
 their hearts were good and true ;
 At the first flight of Arrows sent,
 full threescore *Scots* they flew.

28.

To drive the Dear with hound and horn
 Earl *Douglas* bad the bent;

21.

E nobis pereet unus,
Antequam devincar,
Tu comes es, bene notus,
Egoq; tui par.

22.

At (si qua fides) est scelus,
(miserum !) perdere
Illos, de his insontibus,
Immunes scelere.

23.

Nosmet pugnemus cominus,
Viris absentibus,
Depereat (inquit) Percæus,
Huic adversarius.

24.

Tunc Armiger exiluit,
Witherington nomine,
Regem (ait) scire noluit
Hoc, præ dedecore.

25.

Quod dux, pugnaverat, Pedes,
Me stante obiter,
Vos duo estis comites
Ego (ait) Armiger.

26.

Obnix omne faciam
Dum stare dabitur,
Ac dum vibrare macharam
A me pugnabitur.

27.

Angligeni tendunt Arcus,
Quam Cordatissimj.
Decis sex a missilibus,
Cæduntur Scotici.

28.

Adversus feras sectantes,
Misi Douglasius.

A Captain mov'd with mickle pride,
the Spears to shivers sent

29.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
no slackness there was found,
And many a gallant Gentleman
lay gasping on the ground.

30.

O Christ ? it was great grief to see,
and likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
and scattered here and there.

31.

At last these two stout Earls did meet.
like Captains of great might ;
Like Lions mov'd they laid on load,
and made a cruel fight.

32.

They fought until they both did sweat,
with Swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood like drops of Rain,
they trickling down did feel.

33.

Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas said,
in faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
by James our Scottish King.

34.

Thy Ransom I will freely give,
and thus report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous Knight.
that ever I did see,

35.

No, Douglas, quoth Earl Piercy then,
thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yeild to any Scot
that ever yet was born,

*Tororum ducem, Dimicantes,
Tractis hastilibus.*

29.

*Incincti sunt celeriter,
Parum pigritiæ;
Multusq; jacet Belliger
Inanis animæ.*

30.

*Pol! Dolor erat visere,
Ac etiam audire,
Viros plangentes undique,
Perfusus sanguine.*

31.

*Comites tandem Coibant,
Multo magnanimè;
Instar Leonum feribant,
Truci certamine.*

32.

*Pugnarunt vel in sudare
Districtis ensibus,
Ac maduerunt cruore
Æque ac imbribus.*

33.

*Ut dedas (ait) Degladius
Te ducam subito,
Ubi eris præpositus,
A Rege Jacobo.*

34.

*Proh gratis redimam captum,
Et celebrabo te,
Equitem quam magnificum,
Et siue compare.*

35.

*Cui Percæus ait minime!
Quod offers, respice
Nollem unquam me dedere.
Viventi Scotico!*

| 36. Tunc

36.

With that there came an Arrow keen
 out of an *English* Bowe,
 Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
 a deep and deadly blow,

37.

Who never spoke more words then these.
 fight on my merry men all ;
 For why my life is at an end.
 Lord Piercy sees my fall,

38.

Then leaving Life Earl Piercy took
 the dead man by the hand,
 And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
 would I had lost my land.

39.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
 with sorrow for thy sake ;
 For sure a more renowned Knight
 such mischance did ever take,

40.

A Knight amongst the *Scots* there was,
 which saw Earl Douglas die,
 And in his wrath did vow revenge
 upon the Earl Piercy.

41.

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
 who with a Spear most bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant Steed,
 ran fiercely through the fight :

42.

And past the *English* Archers all,
 without all dread or fear,
 And through Earl Piercy's body then
 he thrust his hateful Spear,

43.

With such a vehement force and might
 he did his body gore,

36.

Tunc est emissus calamus,
Ab arcu Anglico,
Quo fixus est Duglasius,
Heu ! tenus circulo.

37.

Qui verba hæc emurmurat
viri contendite !
Quid ni mors mea propinquat
Spectante comite.

38.

Tum Percæus Examini,
Manum it prendere,
Dicens causa Duglasi,
Se terras perdere.

39.

Vel cor (ait) fundit sanguinem,
Præ tui gratia,
Nam nunquam talem equitem,
Non novit noxia.

40.

Miles decernens Scoticus,
Duglasium emorj,
In Percæum mortem ejus
Devovit ulcisci.

41.

Hugo de monte gomeri,
Hasta cum splendida,
Movit decursu celeri
Ferox per Agmina.

42.

Præteriens sagittarios
Anglos impavide,
Percæjos ventriculos
Foravit Cuspide.

43.

Tanta cum violentia
Cadit corpuscula,

Plus

The Spear went through the other side
a large Cloth-yard and more.

44.
So thus did both these Nobles die,
whose courage none could stain,
An *English* Archer then preceiv'd,
the Noble Earl was slain :

45.
He had a Bow bent in his hand,
made of a trusty Tree ;
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
up to the head drew he :

46.
Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery*
so right his shaft he let,
The gray-goose wing that was thereon
in his heart blood was wet.

47.
This fight did last from break of day,
till sitting of the Sun:
For when they rung the evening Bell
the battle scarce was done.

48.
With the Earl *Piercy* there was slain
Sir *John* of *Ogerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
Sir *James* that bold Baron.

49.
And with Sir *George* and good Sir *James* -
both Knights of good account,
Good Sir *Ralph Rabby* there was slain,
whose prowess did surmount.

50.
For *Wibberington* needs must I wail,
as one in doleful dumps ;
For when his legs were smitten off,
he fought upon his stumps.

Plus tres pedes per ilia
Transiuit hastula.

44.

Sic ceciderunt Comites,
Quam invictissimi,
Quum sagittario subdit res
Percaum occidi.

45.

Arcum intensum dextera,
Factum insigniter,
Tres pedes longa spicula,
Implevit fortiter.

46.

Hugonem Gomerj, versus,
Sic telum statuit,
Vel Anserinus calamus,
In corde maduit.

47.

Ad vespervm ab Aurora,
Duravit pralum,
Octava scilicet hora,
Vix est prateritum.

48.

Cum Percæio est peremptus,
Dominus Ogerton
Johannes Ratcliffe, Robertus,
Et Jacobus Baron.

49.

Jacobus, & Georgius,
Equestris ordinis,
Radulphus Raby Dominus,
Periit magnanimis.

50.

Pro With' rington sis genitus,
Ac si in tristibus,
Qui pugnavit de Genibus
Truncatis cruribus.

51.

And with Earl *Douglas* there was slain
 Sir *Mugh Montgomery*,
 Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the field
 one foot would never flie.

52.

Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,
 his Sisters Son was he;
 Sir *David Lamb* so well esteem'd,
 Yet saved could not be.

53.

And the Lord *Markwel* in likewise
 did with Earl *Douglas* die:
 Of twenty hundred *Scotish Spears*,
 scarce fifty five did fly.

54.

Of fifteen hundred English men,
 went home but fifty three,
 The rest were slain in *Chevy-chase*
 under the Green-Wood tree.

55.

Next day did many Widows come,
 their Husbands to bewail,
 They washt their wounds in brinish tears,
 but all would not prevail.

56.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
 they bore with them away,
 They kist them dead a thousand times,
 when they were clad in clay,

57.

This news was brought to *Edenburg*,
 where Scotlands King did reign,
 That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly,
 was with an Arrow slain.

58.

⊙ heavy news King *James* did say,
 Scotland can witness be,

51.

*Perierunt cum Duglasio,
Hugo Gomericus,
Carolus Currel a Campo
Nunquam discessurus.*

52.

*De Ratcliffe Murrell Carolus,
Nepos a Sorore.
David Lamb bene habitus
Ex angui corpore.*

53.

*Ac etiam Markwell Dominus,
Deditus est neci,
Vix e duobus millibus,
Fugerunt Sexdeni.*

54.

*Eter quingenis Anglicis,
Vix tot abiere,
In Luco Casis cæteris,
Sub fagi tegmine.*

55.

*A plurimis cras viduis
Lugetur misere,
Vulnera lota lacrymis,
Nec prævalere.*

56.

*Cruentata corpuscula.
Secum abstulere,
Millies dederunt oscula,
Defunctis funere.*

57.

*Fertur apud Edinburgham,
Regnante Jacobo,
Duglasium subito Cæsum
Fuisse Faculo.*

58.

*O Lamentabile dixit,
Scotia sit testis,*

I have not any Captain more,
of such account as he.

59.

Like tidings to King Henry came,
within as short a space,
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*,
was slain in *Chevy-Chase*.

60.

Now God be with him said our King,
sith't will no better be,
I trust I have within my Realm,
five hundred as good as he.

61.

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
but I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
for brave Earl *Piercies* sake.

62.

This vow full well the King perform'd,
after an *Humble Down*.
In one day fifty Knights were slain
with Lords of great renown.

63.

And of the rest of small account
did many hundreds dye,
Thus ended the hunting of *Chevy-Chase*
made by the Earl *Piercy*.

64.

God save the King and bless the Land
in plenty, joy, and Peace,
And grant henceforth that foul debate,
'twixt Noble men may cease.

*Haud alius Dux superfuit,
Æqualis ordinis.*

59.

*Henrico tradidit Fama,
Pari intervallo:
Perceium de Northumbria,
Occisum in Luco.*

60.

*Quum Rex Edixit valeat
Rebus sic stantibus,
Spero quod Regnum abundat,
Quingenis talibus.*

61.

*Ast sentient me ulciscensem
Scoti & Scotia,
Ac vindictam inferentem
Percei Gratia.*

62.

*Quod est a Rege præstitum,
Cæsis in montibus,
Quinquies denis militum,
Nec non Baronibus.*

63.

*Ac de plebe perierunt
Centeni plurimi,
Venatum sic snierunt
Percei Domini.*

54.

*Sit Rex & Grex beatulus
Pace, & Copia,
Ac absit a magnatibus,
Malevolentia.*

*An Heroick Poem on her Highness the Lady
ANN's Voyage into Scotland: With a
little Digression upon the Times.*

Ingrateful *England*, curst to that Degree;
Fam'd for Rebellion and Inconstancy;
All thy Possessions and Enjoyments spring
From Monarch's Cares, yet thou'lt obey no King;
To whose vain Humour Nothing is Delight,
Nor Rain nor Sun-shine er'e can happen right;
False and unworthy to obtain alone
The greatest Blessing of the mildest Throne;
Yet, being richer than I can expresse,
Art justly punisht with Unhappiness;
What thou art envy'd for, and all adore,
Thou throw'st away, and to thy self art poor,
And like the Miser that abounds in Bags,
Wallow'st in Wealth, yet lov'st to go in Rags.
The stubborn Jews their Monarchs still ador'd,
They begg'd a King, and then obey'd their Lord,
But stiff-Neck'd *England*, just from Slavery sav'd,
Forgets and longs again to be enslav'd.
Can Rebels ever be with Scepters aw'd,
Rebels that once did Sacrifice their God.
True Heirs in Malice to the Fiends of Hell, (fell,
Which first they practic'd when from Heav'n they }
And ever since taught Traytors to rebell.
And now lest they should fail to reach him there,
They stab him in his own Vice-Gerent here;
For tho' they do it through a Monarch's Name,
The Majesty of Heaven is still their Aim,
Is it thy Nature or thy Planet's spite,
Still to what's present to be opposite?
Wretched be then with vain Mistrust and Fear, }
Banisht the sight of the most Godlike Pair, }
And the bright Daughter of his Highness here; }

The

The Winds and Seas will far more faithful be,
 And Rocks and Quick sands teach Men Loyalty.
 Old *Albiny* they now alone shall grace,
Scotland, whence sprung th' Imperial *Stewart's* Race ;
Scotland that boasts a mighty Duke and Name,
 Further than *Parthia* great *Arfaces* Fame.

Prepare you Heavens, disclose your brightest Ray,
 All day your Marble, Night your Milkie Way ;
Urania comes, the Goddess of our Isle.
Urania, that makes every Creature smile ;
 All they were born for, and can wish for here,
 Is but to bless her, and be blest by Her.
 Ten thousand *Cupids* guard her as she rides,
 And of her golden Bark surround the sides ;
 Whilst Others fly aloft with Songs, and strow
 Such Flow'rs as on the Beds of *Eden* grow ;
 For want of Winds, with Wings supply soft Gales,
 And with gay Plumes deck all her Virgin Sails :
 Ye frightful Storms retreat into your Cave,
 Nor leave the Ocean wrinkl'd with a Wave ;
 There, whilst she Sails, intomb'd in hallow Earth,
 Lie fetter'd close, and groan for want of Birth,
 And Heav'n and Seas strive to be most serene
 The Azure Blew, with the smooth glassy Green.
 You Sea-Gods and you Nymphs prepare to try
 Your skills, and with a Mask delight her Eye,
 First, let the Sun send forth such kindly Heats,
 As Winter's shine, or Summer when it sets ;
 No Icy, Cloudy, nor no sultry Day,
 But all like Mornings, and those Mornings *May* :
 Then gentle *Zephyr* unlock all thy store,
 And send soft Breezes from the Western Shore ;
 Such as *Arabia Fœlix* has refin'd
 With Trees of Spice, fanning the precious Wind ;
 But just so much as she in State may glide ;
 And safe in her *Neptunian* Chariot ride ;
 Then thou Green God shalt wait on her above,
 As on *Jove's* Daug'ter, and the Queen of Love.

Let

Let thy shrill Trumpeters, the *Tritons*, blow,
 And summon all the Wat'ry Pow'rs below ;
 The *Nayades*, and *Nereids* to appear,
 Let all the Subjects of the Flood draw near :
 Fair *Cytheria* and her Waiters Call,
 And your Sea Nymphs, to deck this Ocean's Ball ;
 Then let the lovely Mermaids come in Place,
 Each Mermaid that so doats upon her Face ;
 Till they shall see how far above their own
Urania's is, and throw their Glasses down.
 The lesser Fry in Shoals before shall run,
 Like Clouds of Insects gather'd by the Sun ;
 And nimble Dolphins wantonly shall play,
 And hunt the Plain, like Spaniels in her Way.
 Next, let the great *Leviathans* resort,
 And not forget to make the Princess Sport ;
 But at a harmless distance head the Train,
 And from their mighty Engins spout forth Rain.
 Thus in such awful Manner let it be,
 That wond'ring Angles may look down to see,
 And make the Show more full of Majesty. }
 Thou *Nereus*, do this mighty Task with Care ;
 As much as was in *Noah's Ark*, is here :
 For since that Patriarch, when the World was
 The like was never in one Vessel found. (drown'd,
 Her little Yatch and Squadron, as they ride,
 Swell to a Fleet and Admiral, with Pride,
 Lift up their Flags, like Pyramids, on high,
 And with their Rain-bow Colours brave the Sky :
 Th' *Ægyptian* Gallies were not half so proud,
 When *Cleopatra* was o're *Nilus* row'd.
 Thus gentle *Neptune* guard her o're your Sea,
 From faithless *Albion* to glad *Albany* ;
 Commit her safely to the longing Shore,
 To her first Father's, ancient *Fergus's* Tower,
 There, as in Heav'n, her Wishes to obtain,
 Till she return, and thou art blest again.

An Old Shepherd courting a Young Nymph.

Scorn me not Fair, because you see
My Hairs are white ; what if they be ?
Think not 'cause in your Cheeks appear,
Fresh Springs of Roses all the Year.
And mine like Winter, wan and old,
My love like yours should be cold.

See in the Garland which you wear,
How the sweet blushing Roses there,
With pale hu'd Lillies do combine ?
Be taught by them ; so let us joyn.

*Upon the two Gyants at the Entrance of the
Physick-Garden in Oxford.*

Although no brandish'd Cherubins are here,
Yet Sons of *Adam* venture not too near,
Nor pluck forbidden fruit : If with intent
To visit Paradise, be Innocent.
Here's your (*Nil ultra*) else ; in each of these
Is both a Pillar and an *Hercules*.
If you not dread their looks, yet may you fear
The strange Fatalities they bear.
The Emblem of Morality the *Yew*
Does likewise now the Armed Agent shew ;
And if unwearie Mortals slight their Guard,
They doubly make the Garden a Church-yard.
In this Conjunction mischief's never scant,
The *Saturnine's* become a *Martial* Plant:
Far off, in Heaven it self are these bad Stars ;
What near at hand, when *Saturn* clubs with *Mars*?

H

Th' He

Th' *Hesperian* Dragon, were it not a Fable,
 Then these our Porters is less admirable.
 Their blood is poyson, Pestilent their Breath;
 And every shade the shadow is of Death.
 But since in *England* they can do no harm
 Internal, they for outward mischief Arm,
 Desperate Poyson in most Forreign ground,
 Instead of Sicknes, here they mean to Wound.
 (As lately Rebels serv'd that blessed Head,
 When poyson might not do, they struck him dead)
 Who dares be safe? No Turk is Armed so,
 When every member of them is a Bow. (Bill,
 Ev'n Arms are Arm'd; Bows chang'd with Mace or
 So that at once with Stroke and Shot they kill.
 And lop each limb you cannot strike them dead;
 Each limb will multiply like *Hydra's* head.
 Some Vegetables do themselves Protect
 With Prickles, Stings, or Stinks the same effect.
 Our garden *Genii*, more general,
 Do not defend themselves alone, but all.
 Old *Heroes* hung their Weapons, so as these,
 For signal Victories on signal Trees:
 But, sure of Conquest, these presumptuous *Sophyes*
 Do antedate: are Victors both and Trophies.
 If Quibling *Cambridge*, when they next Commence,
 "Shall say, here's *Terræ filii* without sence,
 "And very Block-heads: know that they were meant
 For Military not a learned intent.
 Valour and Wit at equal Honour fly,
 Yet Valour often, seldome Wit dwels high;
 As wise men most are Cowards; so 'tis fit
 That Combatants have neither fear nor wit,
 Their Education though they may not brand,
 Bred in the Gardens Garden of the Land.
Manners make Men, of Men, means *Wickham's* Box;
 Our *Tems* declare they may be made of Stocks,
 By culture too: And Trunks assume of late
 The grand Proprieties of Humane state:

Coach'd

Conch'd in an Oak the Sovereignty ye knew;
 See here appropriate valour in the *Tew*;
 Say they are speechless too: The Men of Swords
 And truly valiant are not men of Words. (turb'd
 They Murmur though, and shake their Crests dis-
 By faucy Winds: nor would their rage be curb'd,
 Were't not in vain their Honour to repair,
 When 'tis to fight the Winds, and beat the Ayr.
Jove whispers Peace; or else we well might wonder
 He so secure, lets rust his dastard Thunder.
 These Earth born Gyants take a different Course,
 By plots more perilous then was their Force,
 Each Man's an Ambuscado; and may well
 Be said at once Perdue and Centinel.
 How they advance tow'rds Heaven Night and Day
 And strength increases still upon the Way.
 Yet much unseen: But *Jove's* all kenning eye
 Did soon these wily stratagems espie.
 Else might th' All conquerour have been surpriz'd,
 As was our own, by men in Boughs disguis'd.
 So that *Apollo* sent a league to treat
 And to Caress them with a gentle heat:
 With numerous presents of his golden Rayes;
 With farther promise of serener dayes.
 Else would their force crack Heavens chariot wheels,
 But prostrate Earth so hangs about their heels;
 And as an Ancient loyal *Sabine* Wife,
 Ventures to intercede, and part the strife.
 So men, whose humbler scope is heavens Crown,
 With darling Earth are clog'd and fetter'd down.
 Could we believe but what old people do;
 They were not only Men, but Christian too,
 Who fright the Div'l himself; had God but set
 In his first Colony this Amulet;
 No work for *Cherub* had there been; no doubt
 The Fiend had been, and not poor Man cast out.
 And *Proserpine* might here have fill'd her lap
 With only flowers and not an after-clap.

148 SONGS and POEMS

From Sons of *Adam* now we must retrieve
Our warning to the Daughters next to *Eve*.

You Ladies whom *Pryapus* can't affright,
Whose toyish weapon rather does invite,
(Proscrib'd for his indulgence) since you are
Beneath displeasure therefore do not dare
To use the Garden so as men use you ;
At once to Love ye, and deflow'r ye too.
Gardens of Beauties, many in pursuit
Are of your own choice Flower's, and rarest Fruit,
Weak is your Sex; you know the Div'l in Swine
Was nere repuls'd by hedge of *Eglantine*.
If yet the Courtier Fox, or Ruffian Bore
That Mound have never undermin'd and tore,
Thus fortifie your selves ; in your defence
See Gyant Honour, Gyant Conscience.
So shall you never keep, by this advice,
Knaves Kitchen Garden, but *Fools* Paradise.

So farewell *Heroes* ; Who shall sing of you,
When an *Heroick* is a *Georgick* too?

The Grand Tack.

THis Globe of Earth on which we dwell,
Is tack't unto the Poles ;
The little Worlds our Carkasses,
Are tack't unto our Souls.
The Parson's chiefest business is,
To tack the Soul to Heaven,
The Doctor is to keep the Tack
Of Soul and Body even.
The Priest besides, by's Office tacks
The Husband to the Wife,
And that's a Tack, (God help them both)
That holds them for their Life.
The Lawyer studies how to Tack
His Clients to the Laws,
The Attourney Tacks whole Quires and Reams
To lengthen out the Cause.
The Commons, Lords, and *English* Crown,
Are all three Tack't together,
And if they chance to be Untack't,
No good can come to either :
The Crown is Tack't unto the Church,
The Church unto the Crown,
The Whiggs are slightly Tack't to both,
And so may soon come down.
Since all the World's a general Tack,
Of one thing to another,
Why then about one honest Tack,
Do Fools make such a Pother ?

FABLE.

IN *Æsop's* time a wretched Man we find,
Whose Age and Comfort equally declin'd ;
He in two Wives had too domestick Ills,
Of diff'rent Ages both, and diff'rent Wills :
One pluck'd his black Hairs out, and one his gray,
The Man for quietness did both obey ;
Till the whole Parish saw his Head quite bare,
And said thou wantest Brains as well as Hair.

MORAL.

The Party's, Hen peck'd W——, are thy Wives,
The Hairs they pluck are thy Prerogatives ;
Tory's thy Person hate, and Whiggs thy Pow'r,
Tho' much thou yieldest still they tug for more,
Till thou like this old Man at length art shown,
He without Hairs, and thou without a Crown.

On Mr. John Dryden.

John Dryden Enemies had three,
Sir Dick, Old Nick, and Jeremy,
Sir Dick to Jack, was forc'd to yield,
The other two maintain'd the Field :
But had the Poet's Life been holier,
He'd beat the Devil and the Collier.

The honest Man's Fate.

TWas Night, and all the Village wrap'd in sleep,
When Grief lay hush'd, and Sorrow could
(not weep;
Ev'n

Ev'n proud Ambition too in quiet lay,
And peaceful Rest did all the World survey :
Only poor *Philemon*, whose sad Despair
Kept him awake, and tortur'd him with Care ;
As he upon a River's Bank was laid,
And thus the melancholly Shepherd said :
Break, foolish Heart, and grieve no more,
Thy Sorrows, are in vain ;
They never can thy Joys restore,
But serve to feed, thy Pain :
Those Friends, who when thy Fortune shone,
Were always courting thee,
Now thou art poor, do thee disown,
And scorn, thy Company,
And Friendship is now become a Trade,
By Fortune bought, and sold ;
A mere Self-interest is made,
Monopoliz'd by Gold :
Death is the only certain Friend,
For all the World's a Cheat ;
And he thy Miseries will end,
Tho' they, be ne're so great.
Then farewell World, and worldly Joys,
False Hope, and vain Desires ;
Which Reason blinds, and Sense destroys,
And only Pride inspires.
Since Virtue, Truth, and Honesty are flown,
And none but Fortune's Fools are in request ;
No more I will my wretched Fate bemoan,
But on this Bank contented ever rest.

A S O N G.

O F noble Race was *Shinkin*,
 Of the Line of *Owen Tudor*;
 But hur renown is fled and gone,
 Since cruel Love persu'd hur.

Fair *Winny's* Eyes bright shining,
 With muckle grace alluring,
 Poor *Shinkin's* Heart, with fatal Dart,
 Have wounded past all curing.

Hur was the prettiest fellow,
 At Football and at Cricket;
 At Hunting-chase, or running Race,
 Cot's plut, how hur could nick it!

But humane joys are flying,
 All pale and wan hur Cheeks too;
 Hur Heart so akes, hur quite forsakes,
 Hur Herrings and hur Leeks too.

No more must dear *Metheglin*,
 Be top'd at good *Montgomery*,
 And, if love sore smart one week more,
 Adieu, Cream-Cheese and Flommery.

On a Peruque Block.

M Y noble Blockhead does with *Cesar's* vye:
 Hesometimes wears the Peruque, sometimes I.

C A N T.

PRæclarus ortu Shinkin,
Ex stirpe Theodori:
Cessit at, ah! me, splendor famæ
Veneris fûrori.

Splendentes Winnifredæ,
Ocelli perculere
Cor, heu! crudeli ictu teli,
Nec sperat ars mederi.

Tam experferat nemo
Vel pilæ vel bacilli;
Cursu Sylvestri vel pedestri,
Compar ecquis illi?

At gaudia hæc fugerunt,
Emacerantur genæ;
Cor ita dolet non, ut solet,
Cape olet bene.

Non posthac deglutienda,
Promulsis de Montgomery;
Si desit quies in sex dies,
Æternum valeat Flomery.

In truncum capillatum.

NE me contemnas, sum non ignobile lignum;
Ipse vicem præsto Caesaris, Ille mei.

*An EPITAPH upon that Profound
and Learned Casuist, the late Ordinary
of Newgate.*

Under this Stone,
 Lies a Reverend *Dry*one,
 To *Tyburn* well known.
 Who Preach'd against Sin,
 With a terrible Grin,
 In which some may think that he Acted but odly,
 Since he liv'd by the wicked, and not by the Godly.
 In the time of great need,
 In case he were Fee'd,
 He'd teach one to Read
 Old Pot-Hooks and Scrawls,
 As antient as *Pauls*.
 But if no Money came,
 You might hang for Old *Sam*,
 And founder'd in *Psalter*,
 Be tied to a Halter.

This Priest was well-hung,
 I mean with a Tongue,
 And bold Sons of Vice,
 Wou'd disarm in a trice,
 And draw Tears from a Flint,
 Or the Devil was in't.
 If a Sinner came him nigh,
 With Soul black as Chimney,
 And had but the Sense
 To give him the Pence,

With

With a little *Church-Paint*,
He'd make him a Saint.

He understood Physick,
And cur'd Cough and Tiffick;
And, in short, all the Ills,
That we find in the Bills.
With Sovereign Balm,
The World calls a Psalm.

Thus his *Newgate-birds* once in the space of a *Moon*,
Tho' they liv'd to no purpose, they dy'd to some tune.

In Death was his Hope,
For he Liv'd by a Rope.
Yet this, by the way,
In his praise we may say,
That, like a true Friend,
He his Flock did attend,
Ev'n to the World's End,
And car'd not to start,
From Sledge, or from Cart,
Till he first saw them wear,
Knots under their Ear,
And merrily swing,
In a well twisted String.
But if any Dy'd hard,
And left no Reward,
As I told you before.
He'd inhance their Old Score,
And Kill them again,
With his Murdering Pen.

Thus he kept Sin in awe,
And supported the Law,
But Oh, cruel Fate!
So unkind, tho' I say't,
Last Week, to our Grief,
Grim Death, that Old Thief,

156 SONGS and POEMS, &c.

Alas and Alack,
Had the boldness to pack
This Old Priest on his Back.
And whither he's gone,
Is not certainly known.
But a Man may conclude,
Without being rude,
That Orthodox Sam,
His Flock would not sham ;
And to show himself to 'em a Pastor most civil,
As he led, so he follow'd them all to the D---l.

F I N I S.



A Song on the Princess
Anne and Prince George of Denmark.

Janth: the lovely, the joy of her Swain,
By Jhs was lov'd, and lov'd Jhs again.

She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the
Their Pleasures were equal, and Fair,
equal their Care;

No time, no Enjoyment their Dotage withdrew,
But the longer they liv'd, still the fonder
2. (they grew.

A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain.
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd
(the Swain;

Some swore 'twould be pity their Loves to in-
sin: such Loves alone for (evad',
such other never made.

But all all was silent, that none ever
A Nymph yet so kind knew,
and a Shepherd so true.

3

Love saw them with Pleasure, and
Would to take care
of the faithful, the tender, the in-
nocent Pair.

What either did want, He bid it
But They wanted nothing, But
(to move;
ever to love;

Said, 'twas all that, to bless 'em
His Godhead would do;

That they still might be kind
That they still might be true